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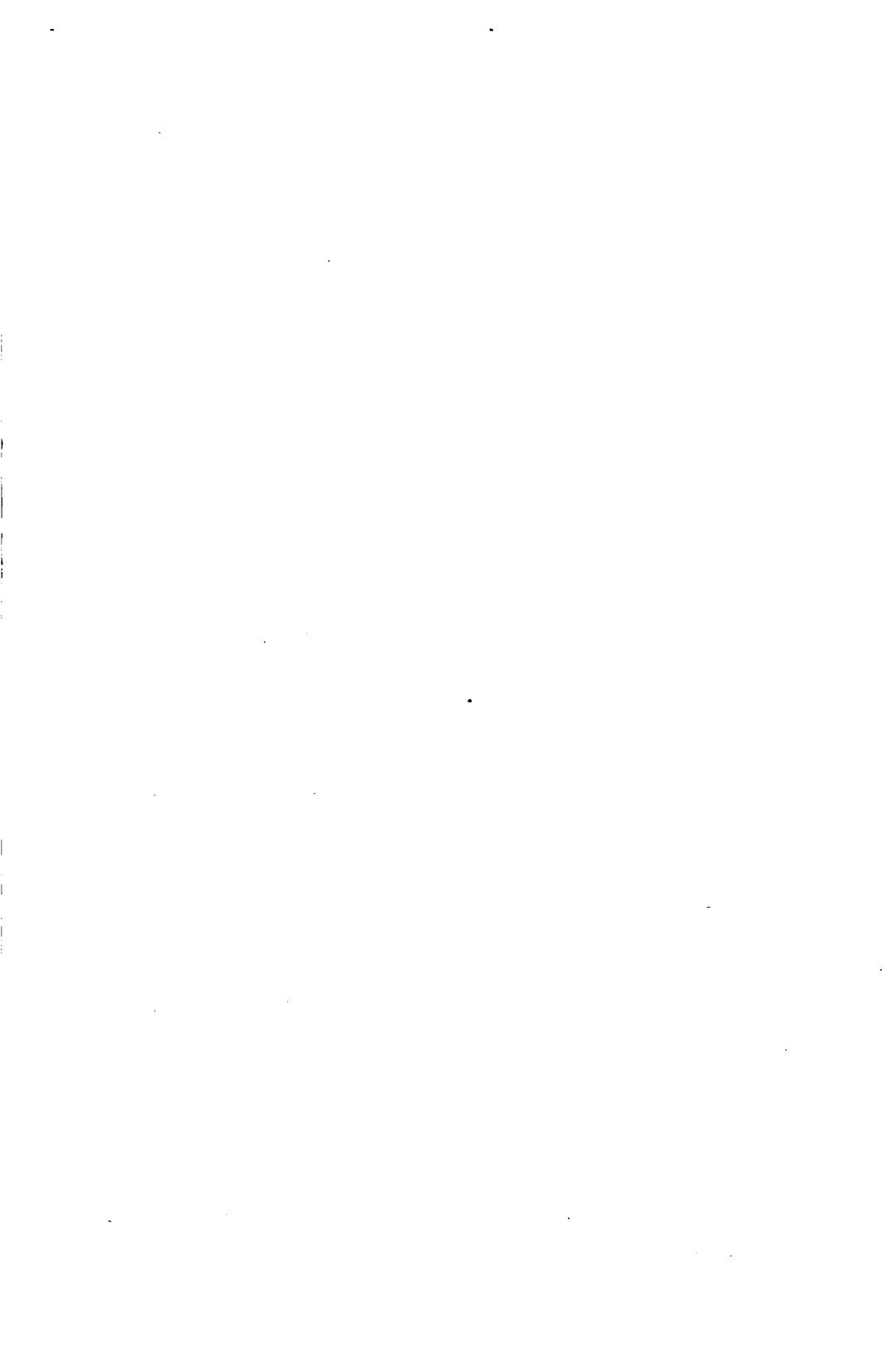
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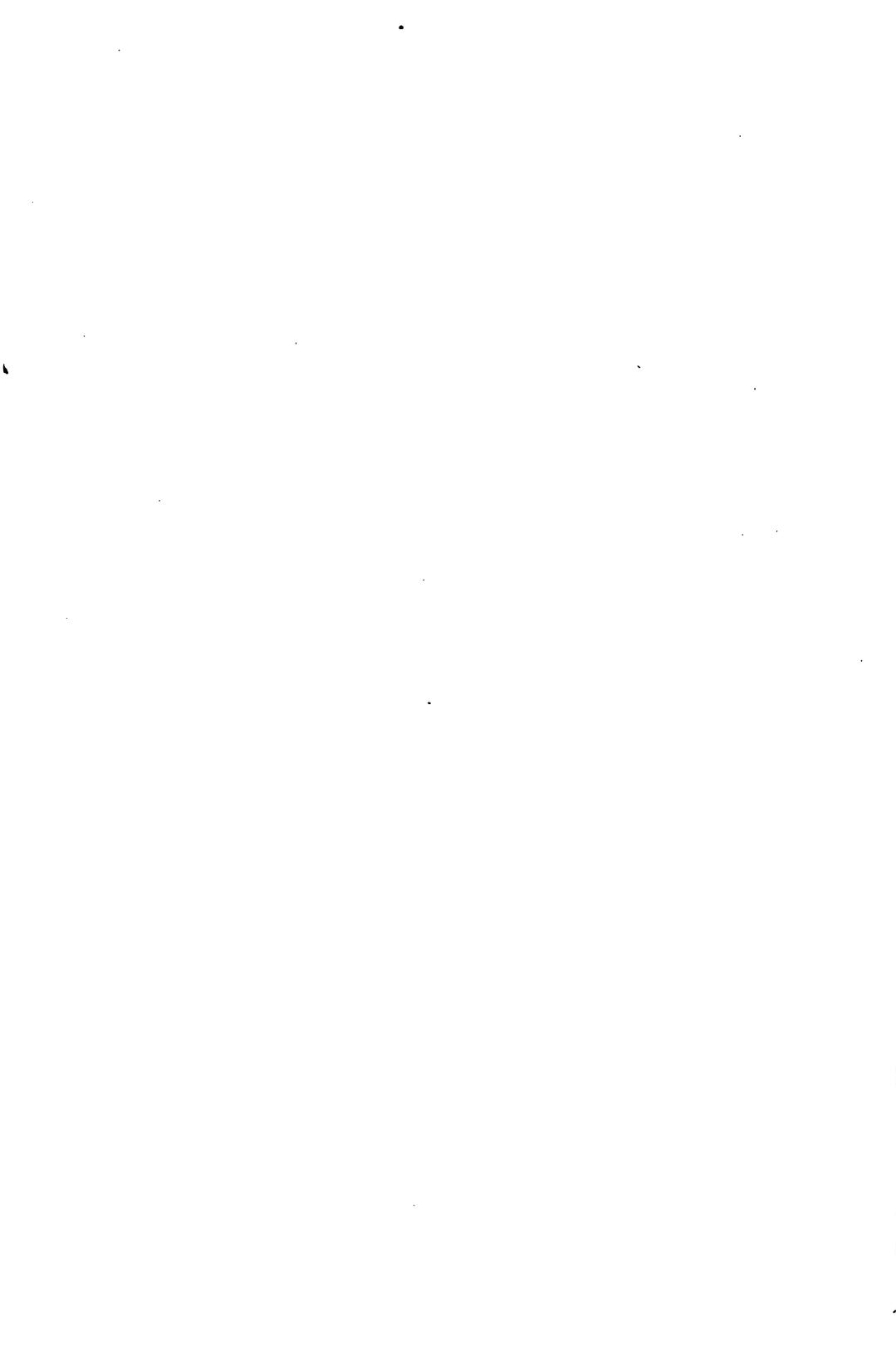


Vet. Engl. II B: 69









Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript.

Loose and Humorous Songs.

EDITED BY

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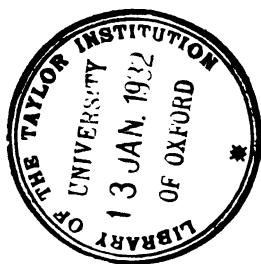
(ASSISTED BY W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

NOTICE.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse; but we make no excuse for putting forth these Loose and Humorous Songs. They are part of the Manuscript which we have undertaken to print entire, and as our Prospectus says, "to the student, these songs and the like are part of the evidence as to the character of a past age, and they should not be kept back from him." *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* They serve to show how some of the wonderful intellectual energy of Elizabeth's and James I.'s time ran riot somewhat, and how in the noblest period of England's literature a freedom of speech was allowed which Victorian ears would hardly tolerate. That this freedom dulled men's wits or tarnished their minds more than our restraint does ours, we do not believe. We cannot give in to Mr. Procter's opinion that because ladies of the Court liked Jonson's jokes, coarse to us, therefore they could not appreciate his fancy and the higher qualities of his mind.¹ Manners refine slowly, and speech as

¹ "On referring, after an interval of many years, to those old Masques, we find ourselves somewhat staggered at the character of the jests, and the homely (not to say vulgar) allusions in which they abound. The taste of the times was, indeed, rude enough; and we can easily understand that jests of this nature were tolerated or even relished by common audiences. But when we hear that the pieces which contain them were exhibited repeatedly, with applause, before the nobles and court ladies of the time (some of them young unmarried women), we are driven to

the conclusion that civilisation must have failed in some respects, and to fear that the refined and graceful compliments which our author so frequently lavished upon the high 'dams' of King James's court was a pure waste of his poetical bounty. It is scarcely possible that the ladies who could sit and hear jokes far coarser than Smollett's, uttered night after night, could ever have fully relished the delicate and sparkling verses which flowed from Jonson's pen." —*Introduction to Ben Jonson's Works*, ed. 1838, p. xxiii—iv.

well. 'Tis custom that prevents the ill effects of habits that seem likely to injure mental and moral health. Foreigners judging from the low dresses in our ball-rooms, English maids judging from French fishwomen's bare legs,¹ often come to very wrong conclusions. Water clear to one generation needs straining for the next. Even Percy, and he a bishop, has not marked with his three crosses (his marks of loose and humorous songs) a few which we, easy-going laymen, have now thought better to transfer to this volume. These are, *See the Burldinge*, *Fryar and Boye*, *The Man that hath*, *Dulcina*, *Cooke Laurell*, *The Mode of France*, *Lye alone*, *Downe sate the Shepard*. We have not written Introductions to every one of these pieces, as to the Ballads and Romances of the MS. Let it be enough that they are put in type.

¹ Cp. *Punch*: "But that indelicate! There! you might have knocked me down with a feather!"

SECOND NOTICE.

SOME of these songs the Editors would have been glad had it not fallen to their lot to put forth. But, as was said before, they are part of the Manuscript which has to be printed entire, and must be therefore issued. They are also part of our Elizabethan and Jacobite times; and when you are drawing a noble old oak, you must sketch its scars and disfigurements as well as the glory of its bark, its fruit and leaves. Students must work from the nude, or they'll never draw.

Of the general character of Early English Literature enough has been said in the Introduction to *Conscience*, in vol. ii. of the Ballads and Romances; but no age, no man, has been without drawbacks, without sensual feelings or the expression of them. They are natural: improper delight in them alone is wrong. And from the expressions of this improper delight our Early Literature is singularly free. Plain speaking there is, broad humour there is; but of delight in sensuality for sensuality's sake, there is very little indeed. Some of it is here, but it's of our Middle Time, a time when the pressure of early wrongs, and perchance the earnestness of national feeling, had somewhat lessened, when luxury and indulgence more abounded. It is well for the student to see it, that he may be under no illusion as to that time; as it will be right for the student of Victorian England, two or three hundred years hence, to see productions

that we would not willingly circulate now. But still, let no one doubt that Professor Morley's words are true — that the spirit of our Early and Middle Times was noble and pure ; that, notwithstanding prurient novels and review-articles, and Holywell Street filth, our Victorian time is, in the main, noble and pure too.

The Poems not marked with Percy's three crosses as loose, which we have transferred to these pages, are *Men that more* ; *Panche* ; *In a May Morninge* ; *The Turk in Linen* ; *Louers hearke alarum* ; *O nay, O nay, not yet* ; *I cannot be contented* ; *Lillumwham* ; *Last night I thought* ; *A Dainty Ducke* (incomplete) ; *A mayden heade* ; *Tom Longe* ; *All in a greene meadowe*.

We had not at first intended to have side-notes added to this volume, but *See the buildinge*, the *Fryar and Boye*, and some other poems, having been set with side-notes for the *Ballads and Romances* before they were turned into this volume, the rest of the pieces were side-noted for uniformity's sake. The italics in the text are extensions of the contractions of the Manuscript.

August, 1867.

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See the buildinge.

[Page 56 of MS.]

THIS song is to be found in the Roxburghe Collection of Black-letter Ballads, I. 454, with the title "A well-wishing to a place of pleasure. To an excellent new tune," and with six more lines in each stanza. We quote it here for contrast sake.

A WELL-WISHING TO A PLACE OF PLEASURE.

To an excellent new Tune.

See the building
Where whilst my mistris lived in
Was pleasures essence,
See how it droopeth
And how nakedly it looketh
Without her presence:
Every creature
That appertaines to nature
'bout this house living,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
due praises giving.
Harke, how the hollow
Windes do blow
And seem to murmur
in every corner,
for her long absence:
The which doth plainly show
The causes why I do now
All this grief and sorrow show.

See the garden
Where I receyde reward in
for my true love:
Behold those places
Where I receyde those graces
the Gods might move.
The Queene of plenty
With all the fruits are dainty,
delights to please

Flora springing
Is ever bringing
Dame Venus ease.²
Oh see the Arbour where that she
with melting kisses
distilling blisses
From her true selfe
with joy did ravish me.
The pretty nightingale
did sing melodiously.

Haile to those groves
Where I injoyde those loves
so many dayes.
Let the flowers be springing,
And sweet birds ever singing
their Roundelayes,
Many Cupids measures
And cause for true Loves pleasures,
Be danced around,
Let all contentment
For mirth's presentment
this day be found:
And may the grass grow ever green
where we two lying
have oft been trying
More severall wayes
than beauties lovely Queen
When she in bed with Mars
by all the gods was seen.

¹ Not inelegant.—P. Note on a separate slip of paper:—

"This was once a very popular song, as appears from a parody of it inserted (as a solemn piece of music) in Hemming's

Jew's Tragedy, act 4, 4to, 1662.—N.B. The marginal corrections are made from this Parody."—P.

²⁻² Not in the Percy Folio copy.—F.

Mr. W. Chappell says that the "excellent new tune of this song was adopted for other songs."

See my
mistress's
house!
It is desolate
in her
absence.

SEE the building which whilst¹ my Mistress lined in
was pleasures asseince²!

see how it droopeth, & how Nakedly it looketh
4 with-out her presence!

heearke how the hollow winds doe blowe,

 & how the³ Murmer in every corner
for her being absent, from whence they cheefly⁴ grow!
8 the cause that I doe now this greeffe & sorrow shewe.

See the
garden
where we
have loved,

See the garden where oft I had reward in
for my trew loue!

see the places where I enioyed those graces
12 they⁵ goddes might moue!

the arbour
where we
kissed,

oft in this arbour, whiles that shee
with melting kisses disstilling blisses
through my frayle lipps, what Ioy did ravish me!
16 the pretty Nightingale did sing Melodiouslee.

and the
groves!
Blessings on
them;

Haile to those groves where wee inioyed our loues
soe many daies!

May the trees be springing, & the pretty burds be
singing

20 theire Roundelayes!

and on the
grass where
we lay!

Oh! may the grasse be euer greene
wheron wee, lying, haue oft beene tryinge

More seneall wayes of pleasure then loues queene,

24 which once in bedd with Mars by all the godds was
seen.

 . lling

[half a page missing.]

¹ where once.—P.

² With pleasure's essence.—P.

³ they.—P.

⁴ MS. cheesly.—F.

⁵ the.—P.

Walking in a Meadow green.

[Page 98 of MS.]

PERHAPS the following may have been suggested by the ballad of “The Two Leicestershire Lovers; to the tune of *And yet methinks I love thee*,” a copy of which is in the Roxburghe Collection, I. 412. The subject of each is two lovers; both poems are in nearly the same metre, and begin with the same line. The difference is in the after-treatment. The “Two Leicestershire Lovers” begins thus:—

Walking in a meadow green
 For recreation's sake,
 To drive away some sad thoughts
 That sorrowful did me make,
 I spied two lovely lovers,
 Did hear each other's woe,
 To 'point a place of meeting
 Upon the meadow brow.

This was printed by John Trundle, at the sign of “The Nobody,” in Barbican—the ballad-publisher immortalized by Ben Jonson in his “Every Man in his Humour.” (“Well, if he read this with patience, I'll go and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality.”) The printed copy is therefore as old as the manuscript.—W. C.

WALKING in a meadowe green,
 fayre flowers for to gather,
 where p[r]imrose rankes did stand on bankes
 to welcome comers thither,

Walking
out,

I heard a lass ask for "Once more."	8	I hard a voice which made a Noise, which caused me to attend it, I heard a lass say to a Ladd, " once more, & none can mend it."
She was under a lad,	12	They lay soe close together, they made me much to wonder ; I knew not which was wether, vntill I saw her vnder.
and cried " Once more."	16	then off he came, & blusht for shame soe soone that he had endit ; yet still shee lyes, & to him cryes, " Once More, & none can mend it."
He was dull,		His lookes were dull & verry sadd, his courage shee had tamed ; shee bad him play the lusty lad or else he quite was shamed ;
but still she said	20	" then stify thrust, hee hit me iust, feare not, but freely spend it, & play about at in & out ;
" Once more."	24	once more, & none can mend it."
He tried and failed,	28	And then he thought to venter her, thinking the fift was on him ; but when he came to enter her, the poynt turnd ¹ backe vpon him.
but still she cried		Yet shee said, " stay ! goe not away although the point be bended ! but toot againe, & hit the vaine !
" Once more."	32	once more, & none can Mend it."
She helped him		Then in her Armes shee did him fold, & oftentimes shee kist him, yett still his courage was but cold for all the good shee wisht him ;
	36	

¹ There is a tag to the *d* like an *s*.—F.

	yett with her hand shee made it stand soe stiffe shee cold not bend it, & then anon shee cryes " come on once more, & none can mend it ! "	
40		and cried still "Once more."
	" Adew, adew, sweet hart," quoth hee, " for in faith I must be gone." " nay, then you doe me wronge," quoth shee, " to leaue me thus alone."	He declined
44	Away he went when all was spent, wherat shee was offended ; Like a troian true shee made a vow shee wold have one shold mend it. ¹	and went away.
48		She declared she'd get some one else.

¹ *Qui n'en a qu'un, n'en a point*: Prov. (Meant of Cocks, Bulls, &c., and sometimes alledged by lascivious women,) as good have none as have no more but one. Cotgrave.—F.

④ **Jolly Robin.¹**

[Page 95 of MS.]

Robin,
leave off!

4 “ O Jolly Robin, hold thy hande !
I am not tyde in ² Cupida bande ;
I pray thee leaue thy foolinge, heyda !
by my faith & troth I cannot : heyda, fie !
what ? doe you meane to be soe bold ?

I'll cry out.

8 I must cry out ! I cannot holde : heyda, fie !
“ what a deale of doe is here, is here, is here ! ”
“ I begin to fainta !
heyda, fy ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ”
“ what was *that* you sayd ?
heyda ! heyda ! heyda ! heyda !

12 you will neuer leaue till I be paide.”

Robin, do
your worst !

16 “ O Jolly Robin, doe thy worst !
thou canst not make my belly burst.
I pray thee leaue thy fooling : heyda ! ”
“ by my faith & troth I cannot : heyda, fie ! ”
“ what ? doe you meane to vse me soe ?

Let me go !

20 I pray thee Robin let me goe : heyda, fy ! ”
“ what a deale of doe is heere, is heere, is heere ! ”
“ I begin to fainta. &c.”

ffins.

¹ wretched stuff.—Percy.

² MS. lydain.—F.

When Phebus addrest.

[Page 96 of MS.]

THIS song is printed in "Merry Drollery Complete," Part 2, 1661 and 1670, also in "Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems," 1656, p. 35. The tune is printed under the title of the burden "O doe not, doe not kill me yet," in J. J. Starter's "Boertigheden," Amsterdam, 4to, 1634, with a Dutch song written to the tune. This proves that the popularity of the song had extended to Holland twenty-two years before the earliest English copy that I have hitherto found. If the date given for the Percy folio, about 1620, is right, it contains the earliest copy known.—W. C.

WHEN Phebus addrest himselfe to the west,

& set vp his rest below,

Cynthia agreed in her gliteringe weedes

By moon-light,

4 her bewtie on me to bestow ;

walking

& walking alone, attended by none,

alone,

by chance I hard one crye

I heard a

"O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,

maid say

8 for I am not prepared to dye !"

"Don't kill

me yet."

With that I drew neare to see & to heare,

I saw a
strange
show,

& strange did appeare such a showe ;
the Moone it was bright, & gane such a light

12 as flitts not each wight to know :

a man & a Mayd together were Laid,

and still

& euer the mayd shee did cry,

the maid

"O doe not, doe not, kill me yet, I,

cried

16 for I am not resolued to dye !"

"Don't kill

me yet."

The game
was blind-
man's buff,

and at the
end she
cried
"Don't kill
me yet!"

The young
man pro-
mised
not to.

Then she
said,
"O kill me
once again."

The youth was rough, he tooke vp her stiffe,
& to blindmans buffe they did goe;
hee kept such a coyle, he gaue her the foyle,
soe great the broyle it did growe.
but shee was soe yonge, & he was soe stronge,
& he left her not till shee did crye,
"O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,
for I am not resolued to dye!"

with that he gaue ore, & solemplye swore
he wold kill her noe more *that night*,
but badd her adew: full little he knew
shee wold tempt him to more delight.
But when they shold part, it went to her hart,
& gaue her more cause for to crye,
"O kill me, kill me, once againe,
ffor Now I am willing to dye!"

ffins.

¹ ffrpar : and Bope.²

THE present is the completest copy known to us of this capital story. Wynkyn de Worde's, reprinted (with collations) by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt ("Early Popular Poetry," v. 3, p. 54-81), runs with it, though less smoothly, to l. 456, but there suddenly throws up its six-line stanzas, and ends the story with six four-line stanzas, a circumstance not noticed by Mr. Hazlitt. The present copy either wants half a stanza after l. 495, or a stanza of 9 lines is given at l. 493-501, as in stanzas of four lines one is often increased to six. Mr. Hazlitt's introduction gives all the bibliography of the poem, except a notice of Mr. Halliwell's print of it in the Warton Club "Early English Miscellanies," 1854, p. 46-62, from Mr. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS. No. 10. This Porkington copy is in seventy-one six-line stanzas (426 lines), but does not contain the citation of the boy before the "officiall" and the scene in court. The tale ends at l. 402 (corresponding with l. 396 here, no doubt the end of the first version of the tale), the last four stanzas winding it up with a moral.

THAT god that dyed for vs all
& dranke both vinigar & gall,
bringe vs out of balle,³

[page 97.] May God
bless us!

4 and gine them both good life & longe
which listen doe vnto my songe,
or tend vnto my talle⁴!

¹ The rhyme every where requires that it should be written or pronounced FRERE, as in Chaucer.—P. In our earliest Rhyming Dictionary, Levin's *Manipulus*, 1570, under the words in *care*, are entered a Bryar, a Fryar, a Whyer, *chorus*, a Quear of paper, *liber*,

p. 209, col. 1. E. E. Text Soc. 1867.—F.

² Collated with a copy in Pepys library, 12^o, Vol. N^o. 358. Lettered, *Wallace*.—P. This song is very different and much superior to the common printed story book. For date see st. 71 [l. 428, p. 25].—P.

³ bale.—P.

⁴ tale.—P.

A man,
thrice
married,
has a son by
his first
wife,

8 there dwelt a man in my countreye
which¹ in his life had wenes 3,
a blessing full of loye !
By the first wife a sonne he had,²
which was a prettie sturdye ladde,
12 a good vnhappy³ boye.

whom he
loves well,
but the
stepmother
spites.

His father loued him well,⁴
but his stepmother neue[r] a deale,—
I tell you as I thinke,—
16 All things shee thought lost, by the roode,
which to the boy did anye good,⁵
as either meate or drinke ;

The boy
fares ill.

20 And yet I-wis it was but badde,
nor halfe enouge therof he hade,
but euermore the worst ;
And therfore enill might shee fare,
that did⁶ the litle boy such care,
24 soe forth⁷ as shee durst.

The step-
mother asks
her husband
to send him
away.

Vnto the man the wiffe gan say,
“ I wold you wold put⁸ this boy awaye,
& that right soone in haste ;
28 Trulie he is a cursed ladde⁹ !
I wold some other man him hade
that wold him better chast.¹⁰ ”

The husband
will not,

Then said the goodman, “ dame,¹¹ not soe,
32 I will not lett the yonge boy goe,
he is but tender of age ;¹²

¹ who.—P.

² his first . . . a child . . . —P.

³ i. e. unlucky, full of wagghery.—P.

⁴ loved him very well.—P.

⁵ which might the boy do.—P.

⁶ that wrought.—P.

⁷ so far forth.—P.

⁸ I would ye put.—P.

⁹ wicked lad.—P.

¹⁰ i. e. chasten, chastise.—P.

¹¹ dane in MS.—F.

¹² He's but of tender age.—P.

Hee shall this yeere with me¹ abyde
till he be growne more strong & tryde
36 ffor to win better wage :

“Wee haue a man, a sturdie lout,
which keepeth² our neate the feilds about,
& sleepeth all the day,
40 Hee shall come home,³ as god me shold,
and the Boy shall⁴ into the feild
to keepe them if hee may.”

but proposes
he shall take
the
neatherd's
place.

Then sayd the wiffe in verament,
44 “husband, therto I giue consent,
for that I thinke it neede.”
On the Morrow when it was day,
the litle boy went on his way
48 vnto the feild⁵ with speede.

Next day
the boy does
so,

Off noe man hee tooke anye care,⁶
but song “hey ho ! away the Mare⁷ ! ”
much mirth⁸ he did pursue ;
52 forth hee went⁹ with might & maine
vntill he came vnto¹⁰ the plaine,
where he his¹¹ dinner drew.

singing as
he goes.

But when he saw it was soe bad,
56 full little list therto he had,
but put it from¹² sight,
Saying he had noe list to¹³ tast,
but that¹⁴ his hunger still shold last
60 till hee came home att Night.

The food
given him
is so
untempting
that he
cannot eat
it.

¹ with me this year.—P.
² who keeps.—P.
³ bide home.—P.
⁴ And Jack shall pass.—P.
⁵ towards the field.—P.
⁶ took he . . . cure.—P.
⁷ mure.—P.

⁸ with mirth.—P.
⁹ Forward he drew.—P.
¹⁰ amidst.—P.
¹¹ And then his.—P.
¹² it up from.—P.
¹³ no will to.—P.
¹⁴ And that.—P.

An old man
comes his
way,

And as the boy sate on a hill,
there came an old man him vntill,

was walking by the way;

64 "Sonne," he said, "god thee see¹!"
"now welcome, father, may you bee²!"
the little boy gan say.³

and asks for
food.
The boy
offers what
he has.

The old man sayd, "I hunger sore;
68 then hast⁴ thou any meate in store
which thou mightest⁵ give to me?"
The child⁶ replyed, "soe god me sane!
to such poore victualls as I haue,
72 right welcome shall you be."

The old man
eats and is
happy,

Of this the old man was full gladd,
the boy drew forth such as he hadd,
& sayd "goe to gladlie."

[page 98.]

76 The old man easie was to please,
he eate⁷ & made himselfe att ease,
saying, "sonne, god amercy⁸!"

then bids
the boy
choose three
presenta.

"Sonne," he sayd, "thou hast giuen meate to me,"
80 & I will giue 3 things to thee,¹⁰
what ere thou wilt intreat."

He chooses
1. a bow.

Then sayd the boy, "tis best, I trow,¹¹
that yee bestow on me¹² a bowe
84 with which I burds may gett."

The old
man
promises
him a right
good one,

"A bow, my sonne, I will thee giue,
the which shall Last while thou dost liue,
was neuer bow more fitt!¹³

¹ Who said my son now God thee see.
—P.

⁸ gramercye.—P.
⁹ And for the meate thou gave to me.

² full welcome father ye.—P.

—P.

³ did say.—P.

¹⁰ I will . . . unto.—P.

⁴ Jack, hast.—P.

¹¹ The best . . . know.—P.

⁵ mayest.—P.

¹² ye give to me.—P.

⁶ the boy.—P.

¹³ Yea never bow nor break.—P.

⁷ he ate.—P.

88 ffor if thou shoot therin all day,
waking or winking, or¹ anye waye,
the marke² thou shalt hitt."

Now when the bowe in hand he felt,
92 & had the³ arrowes vnder his belt,
hartilye he laught I-wiss,⁴
And sayd, "had I a pipe with-all,
tho neuer litle or soe small,⁵
96 I then had all my wishe."⁶

and gives it
him.

He chooses
2. a pipe.

"A pipe, sonne, thou shalt haue alsoe,⁷
which in true Musickie soe shall goe—
I put thee out of doubt—
100 As who that liues⁸ & shall it heare,
shall haue noe power to forbear,
but laugh & leape about.

The old man
promises
him a very
charming
one.

"Now tell me what the 3^d shalbee ;
104 for 3 things I will giue⁹ to thee
as I haue sayd before."
The boy then smiling, answere made,
"I haue enough for my pore trade,
108 I will desire noe more."

The boy is
content.

The old man sayd, "my troth is plight,
thou shalt haue all I thee behight¹⁰ ;
say on now, let me see."

The old man
bids him
choose his
third pre-
sent.

112 "Att home I haue," the boy replyde,
"a cruell step dame full of pride,
who is most curst to mee ;

¹ walking: *del.* or.—P.

⁷ shalt thou have.—P.

² [insert] still.—P.

⁸ that whoso-ever.—P.

³ *the*, *del.*—P.

⁹ will I give.—P.

⁴ He merry was I, &c.—P.

¹⁰ *behight*, *printed* copy, behett; be-

⁵ Though ne'er so litle.—P.

hight, behote, promittere, vovere, pro-

⁶ I had all that I wish.—P.

missus, pollicitus.—P.

The boy
wishes that
whenever
his step-
mother
stares
spitefully at
him she may
“a rap let
go.”

116 “when meate my father givis to mee,
shee wishes poysen it might bee,
and stares me in the¹ face :
Now when shee gazeth on me soe,
I wold shee might a rapp² let goe
120 that might ring through the place.”

The old man
agrees,

124 The old man answered then anon,
“when-ere³ shee lookest thy face vpon,
her tayle shall wind⁴ the horne⁵
Soe Lowdlye, *that* who shold⁶ it heare
shall not be able to forbear,
but laugh her vnto scorne.

and departs.

128 “Soe, farewell sonne ! ” the old man cryed ;
“god keepe you, Sir ! ” the boy replied,
“ I take my leaue of thee !
God, *that* blest⁷ of all things, may
keepe⁸ thee save⁹ both night & day ! ”
132 “gramercy, sonne ! ” sayd hee.

At nightfall
Jack pipes
his cattle
home,

When it grew neere vpon¹⁰ the night,
Iacke, well prepared,¹¹ hied home full right ;—
itt was his ordinance ;—
136 And as he went his pipe did blow,
the whilest his cattell on a row
about him gan to¹² dance ;

¹ stareth in my.—P.

² fart.—P.

And wissched it had been waxed
With a wispe of firses.

³ that.—P.

(ed. Wright, v. 1, p. 98, l. 3171-6).—F.

⁴ wynd.—P.

⁵ shall.—P.

⁶ Compare Gloton in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, who

⁶ And he that best.—P.

blew his rounde ruwet

⁷ protect.—P.

At his rugge-bones ende,

⁸ safe.—P.

That alle that heard that horn

¹⁰ drew . . . unto.—P.

Helde hir noses after,

¹¹ advised.—P.

¹² fast did.—P.

Thus to the towne he pipt¹ full trim, [page 99.]

140 his skipping beasts did² ffollow him
into his ffathers close.
He went & put them [up] each³ one;
which done, he homewards went anon;⁴
144 vnto his fathers hall⁵ he gooes.

His ffather att his supper sate,
& little Iacke espyed well thatt,
and said to him anon,

finds his
father
supping, and
asks for u
help.

148 "father, all day I kept your neate,
at night I pray you giue me some⁶ meate,
I am⁷ hungrye, by Saint Iohn !

" Meateless⁸ I haue lyen all the day,
152 & kept your beasts, they did not stray;
My dinner was but ill."

His ffather tooke a Capon⁹ winge,
& at the boy¹⁰ he did it fling,
156 bidding him eate his fill.

His father
throws him
a capon's
wing.

This greeued¹¹ his stepdames hart full sore,
who lothed¹² the Ladd still more & more;
shee stared¹³ him in the face :
160 with that shee let goe such a blast
that made¹⁴ the people all agast,
itt sounded¹⁵ through the place ;

The step-
dame stares
at him,
fulfils the
old man's
promise,

Each one laught & made¹⁶ good game,
164 but the curst wife grew red for shame
& wisht shee had beene gone.

and is
laughed at.

¹ pipes.—P.

⁹ capon's.—P.

² do.—P.

¹⁰ at his son.—P.

³ up each.—P.

¹¹ loathes.—P.

⁴ Then went into the house anon.—P.

¹² grieves.—P.

⁵ into the hall.—P.

¹³ And stares.—P.

⁶ del.—P.

¹⁴ As made.—P.

⁷ I'm.—P.

¹⁵ And sounded.—P.

⁸ meatless.—P.

¹⁶ did laugh & make.—P.

“ Perdy,” the boy sayd, “ well I wott
that gun was both well charged¹ & shott,
168 & might haue broke a stone.”

She stares
again, with
the same
result.

full curstlye² shee lookt on him tho :
that looke another cracke³ lett goe
which did a thunder⁴ rise.

172 Quoth the boy, “ did⁵ you euer see
a woman let her pelletts flee
More thicke & more at ease ?

The boy
triumphs.

“ fyfe ! ” said the boy vnto his dame,
176 “ temper your⁶ teltale bumm, for shame ! ”
which made her full of sorrow.
“ Dame,”⁷ said the goodman, “ goe thy way,
for why, I sweare, by night nor day⁸
180 thy geere is not to borrow.”

She tells her
wrongs to a
friar,

Now afterwards, as you shall heare,
Vnto the house there came a fryar,
& lay there all the night.

184 The wiffe this fryer loued as a Saint,⁹
& to him made a great complaint
of Iackes most vile despight.

“ We haue,” quoth shee, “ within, I-wis,
188 a wiced boy,—none shrewder is,—
which doth me mighty care ;
I dare not looke vpon his face,
or hardly tell¹⁰ my shamefull case,
192 soe filthylie I fare ;

¹ well, not in P. C.—P.

² Cp. Cotgrave’s “ *Feroce, cruel, fierce, curst, hard-hearted, sterne, austere:* ”
“ the auncient Romanes . . vsed to ty a
wispe of Hay about the one horne of a
shrewd or *curst* Beast,” (w. *join*). “ Belle
femme mauaise teste: Pro. Faire women
either *curst* or cruelle be.”—F.

³ And then another fart.—P.

⁴ Which gart the Thunder.—P.

⁵ Quoth Jack, Sir, did.—P.

⁶ thy.—P.

⁷ good maid.—P.

⁸ and day.—P.

⁹ This wife did love him as a saint.—P.

¹⁰ Nor . . . shew.—P.

“ for gods loue meet this boy¹ to-morrow,
beat him well, & giue him sorrow,
& make² him blind or lame.”

196 The fryar swore he wold him beat,
the wiffe prayd him³ not to forgett,
the boy did her much shame :

“ Some wiche he is,” quoth⁴ shee, “ I smell.”

200 “ but,” quoth the fryar, “ Ile beat him well !
of *that* take you noe care ;
Ile teach him witchcraft, if I may.”

“ O,” quoth the wiffe, “ doe soe, I pray,
204 lay on & doe not spare.”

Early next morne the boy arose,
& to the field full soone he goes,
his cattell for to drue.

208 The fryer then⁵ vp as early gatt,
he was afrayd to come to⁶ late,
he ran⁷ full fast & blythe.

But when he came vnto the land,⁸
212 he found where little Iacke did stand,
keeping his beasts alone.
“ Now, boy,” he sayd, “ god giue thee shame !
what hast thou done to thy stepdame ?

216 tell me forthwith anon !

“ And if thou canst not quitt⁹ thee well,
Ile beate thee till thy body swell,
I will not longer¹⁰ byde.”

and asks him
to beat the
boy soundly.

The friar
agrees.

Next day
the boy
goes afield
as before,
followed by
the friar ;

[page 100.]

who asks
him to
explain his
conduct.

¹ For my sake meet him.—P.

⁴ he came too.—P.

² Yea, make.—P.

⁷ And ran.—P.

³ She prayed him.—P.

⁸ upon the land.—P.

⁴ He is a witch, qth.—P.

⁹ quite.—P.

⁵ dele *then*.—P.

¹⁰ no longer.—P.

220 The boy replied, "what ayleth thee?
my stepdame is as well as thee ;
what needs you thns to Chyde ?¹

Jack
changes the
subject ;
offers to
shoot a bird
and give it
to the friar.

224 " Come, will you seemy² arrow flye
& hitt yon small bird in³ the eye,
& other things withall ?
Sir fryer, tho I⁴ hauie little witt,
yett yonder bird I meane to hitt,
228 & gine her you I shall."

Shoots it.

There sate a small birde in a⁵ bryar :
" Shoot, shoot, you wagg," then sayd the fryer,
" for that I long to see."⁶
232 Iacke hitt the bird vpon the head
soe right that shee fell downe for dead,
noe further cold shee flee.

The friar
gone among
the bushes
to pick it up,
Jack pipes
and makes
him dance.

236 fast to the bush the fryar went,
& vp the bird in hand⁷ hee hent,⁸
much wondering at the chance.
Meane while⁹ Iacke tooke his pipe & playd
soe lowd, the fryar grew mad apaide,¹⁰
240 & fell to¹¹ skip & dance ;

The briars
scratch and
tear him.

Now sooner was¹² the pipes sound heard,
but Bedlam like¹³ he bou[n]cet & fared,
& leapt the bush about ;
244 The sharpe bryars cacth¹⁴ him by the face,
& by the breech & other place,
that fast the blood ran out ;

¹ Clyde in MS.—F.

² Sir, will . . . mine.—P.

³ yon . . . on.—P.

⁴ Good Sir, if I.—P.

⁵ on a.—P.

⁶ that fain w^d I see.—P.

⁷ hands.—P.

⁸ hent, seized, laid hold on. Johnson :

capero, assequi, prehendere, arripere.—
Junius.—P.

⁹ mean time.—P.

¹⁰ perhaps *mal-apaid*. Id est ill-apaid.
See p. 363, lin. 23 [of MS.].—P.

¹¹ And gan to.—P.

¹² no . . . he.—P.

¹³ madman-like.—P. ¹⁴ scratcht.—P.

It tare ¹ his clothes downe to the skirt,
 248 his cope,² his coole,³ his linen shirt,
 & euery other weede.⁴
 The thornes this while ⁵ were rough & thicke,
 & did his priuy members pricke,
 252 that fast they gan to bleede.

Lacke, as he piped, laught amonge ⁶ ;
 the fryar with bryars was vildlye stungse,
 he hopped wonderous hye.
 256 Att last the fryar held vp his hand,
 & said, “ I can noe longer stand !
 Oh ! I shall dancing dye !

“ Gentle Lacke, thy pipe hold still,
 260 & here I vow for goode nor ill
 to doe thee any woe ! ”
 Lacke laug[h]ing, to him thus replyed,
 “ fryer, sckipp out on the⁷ other side,
 264 thou hast free leaue to goe.”

Out of the bush the fryar then went,
 all Martird,⁸ raggd,⁹ scratcht & rent,
 & torne on euery side ;
 268 Hardly on him was left a clout
 to wrap his belly round about,
 his harlotrye to hide.

The thornes had scratcht him by the face,
 272 the hands, the thighes,¹⁰ & euery place,
 he was all bathed in bloode

Jack laughs.

The friar
bega for
mercy.Jack lets
him go.The friar
goes away
ragged and
lacerated,¹ He tare.—P.² His cap.—P.³ cowle, a monk's hood.—P.⁴ garment, A.-S. *wæd*, *wæd*.—F.⁵ the while.—P.⁶ at intervals.—F.⁷ at the.—P.⁸ So the French *martyrisé*, tormented, put to great pain, torture. So *martyrit*, Scot., is martyr'd, murder'd, kill'd. Item, sore wounded or bruised.—Gloss. to

G[awin] D[ouglas].—P.

⁹ ragged.—P.¹⁰ on hands & thighs.—P.

Soe much, *that* who the fryar did see,
 for feare of him was faine¹ to flee,
 276 thinking he had beene woode.

to the step-dame,

When to the good wife home² he came,
 he made noe bragge for verry shame
 to see his clothes rent all ;
 280 Much sorrow in his hart he had,
 & eny man did guesse him made³
 when he was in the hall.

[page 101.]

284 The goodwiffe said, “ where hast thou beene ?
 sure in some evill place, I weene,
 by sight of thine array.”
 and recounts his woes.
 “ Dame,” said he, “ I came from thy sonne ;
 the devill & he hath me vndone,
 288 noe man him conquer may.”

She complains of the boy to the goodman,

with *that* the goodman he came in,
 the wiffe sett on her madding pin,⁴
 cryed, “ heeres⁵ a foule array !
 292 thy sonne, *that* is thy liffe & deere,
 hath almost slaine the holy fryar,⁶
 alas & welaway ! ”

who inquires into the case,

296 The goodman said, “ Benedictee !
 what hath the vile boy done to thee ?
 now tell me without let.”
 “ The devill him take ! ”⁷ the fryar he sayd,
 “ he made me dance, despite my head,⁸
 300 among the thornes the hey-to-bee.⁹ ”

¹ were fain.—P.

² MS. hone.—F.

³ mad.—P.

⁴ See note² to l. 484, p. 28.—F.

⁵ here is.—P.

⁶ frere.—P.

⁷ take him . . . then.—P.

⁸ mine head.—P.

⁹ hey-go-beat.—P. Hey, to sport, play or gambol ; to kick about. Halliwell.—F.

The goodman said vnto him thoe,
 " father ! hadst thou beeene murdered soe,
 it had beeene¹ deadly sine.²"

304 The fryar to him made this replye,
 " the pipe did sound soe Merrilye
 that I cold never blin.³"

Now when it grew to almost night,
 308 Lacke the boy came home,full right
 as he was wont to doo ;
 But when he came into⁴ the hall,
 full soone his father did him call,
 312 & bad him come him too :

and, when
Jack comes
home,

" Boy," he said, " come tell me heare,⁵
 what hast thou done vnto this fryer ?
 lye not in any thing."

316 " ffather," he said, " now by my birthe,
 I plaide him but a fitt of Mirth
 & pipet him vp a⁶ spring."

calls him
to account
for his
doings.

" That pipe,⁷" said his father, " wold I heare."⁸

320 " now god forbidd !" cryed out the fryar⁹ ;
 his hands he then did¹⁰ wringe.

" You shall," the boy said, " by gods grace."
 the ffryar replied, " woe & alas ! "

324 making his sorrowes ringe.

Wishes
himself to
hear the
pipe.

" ffor gods lone ! " said the warched fryar,¹¹
 " & if you will that strange pipe heare,
 binde me fast to a post !

At his own
request the
friar

¹ It shd be :—It had been no deadly sin.—P.
² sin, pr. copy.—P.
³ blin, cessare, desinere, desistere.—Lye.—P.
⁴ unto.—P.
⁵ let me hear.—P.

⁶ piped him a.—P.
⁷ There is a tag to the e as if for s.—F.
⁸ Pype . . . I would.—P.
⁹ frere.—P.
¹⁰ then did he.—P.
¹¹ frere.—P.

328 for sure my fortune thus I reade,
 if dance I doe, I am but deade,
 my woe-full life is lost ! ”

is bound
fast to a
post.

Strong ropes they tooke, both sharpe & round,
 332 & to the post the fryer bounde¹
 in the middest² of the hall.
 All they which att³ the table sate,
 laughed & made good sport theratt,
 336 sayinge, “ fryer, thou canst not fall ! ”

Then sayd the goodman to the boy,
 “ Lacke, pipe me vp a merry toye,
 pipe freelye when thou will ! ”
 340 “ ffather,” the boy said, “ verelye
 you shall haue mirth enoughe & glee
 till you bidd me bee still.”

Jack pipes,
and every
creature
dances,

With that his pipe he quicklye sent,⁴
 344 & pipt, the whilest in verament
 each creature gan to dance ;
 Lightly the scikipt & leapt about,
 yarking⁵ in their leggs, now in, now out,
 348 striuing aloft to prance.

the goodman

The good man, as in sad dispaire,
 leapt out & through & ore his chayre,
 noe man cold caper hyer⁶ ;

[page 102.]

352 Some others leapt quite ore the stockes,
 some start att strawes & fell att blockes,⁷
 some⁸ swallowed in the fyre.

¹ they bound.—P.

² middle.—P.

³ that at.

⁴ hent.—P.

⁵ yerkyn their Legs. To *yerk* is to

throw out or move with a spring.—
 Johnson.—P.

⁶ caper higher.—P. ⁷ o'er blocks.—P.

⁸ M.S. sone, with a mark of contraction
 over the *n*.—F.

The goodman made himself good sportt
 356 to see them dance¹ in this madd sortt ;
 the goodwiffe sate not still,
 But as shee dancet shee² locket on Lache,
 & fast her tayle did double each cracke,
 360 lowd as a water Mill.

and his wife.

The fryer this while was almost lost,
 he knocket³ his pate against the post,
 it was his dancing grace ;
 364 The rope rubd him vnder the chinn⁴
 that the blood ran from his tattered sckin
 in many a Naked place.

The friar,
 in spite of
 his pre-
 cautions, is
 much
 damaged.

Lache, piping, ran into the street ;
 368 they followed him with nimble ffeet,
 hauing noe power to stay,
 And in their hast they⁵ dore did cracke,
 eche tumbling over his ffellows backe
 372 vnmindfull of their way.

Jack passes
 into the
 street with
 his dancers.

The Neighbors *that* were dwelling by,
 hearing the pipe soe Merrilie,
 came dancing to the gate ;
 376 Some leapt ore dores, some oer the hatch,⁶
 Noe man wold stay to draw the latch
 but thought they came to Late ;

The
 neighbours
 join the
 rout,

Some sicke or sleeping in their bedd,
 380 as the⁷ by chance lift vp their heade,
 were with the pipe awaked ;

even sick
 folks, and
 undressed,

¹ the dance.—P.
² But dancing still she.—P.

⁴ the.—P.

³ knockt.—P.

⁶ A wicket, or half-door. Halliwell's

⁴ chim, MS.—F. his chin.—P.

Gloss.—F.

⁷ they.—P.

⁷ they.—P.

Straight forth¹ the² start thorow dores & kockes,³
some in their shirts, some in their smocks,

384 & some starke belly naked.

and lame.

When all were gathered round about,
there was a vild vnrulye rout
that dancing⁴ in the street,

388 Of which, some lame that cold not goe,
strynge to leape, did tumble soe
they dancet on hands & feet.

At last Jack,
tired, resta.

Lacke tyred with the sport⁵ said, " now Ile rest."

392 " doe," quoth his father, " I hold it best,
thou cloyst me with this cheere⁶;
I pray thee, boy, now⁷ quiett sitt;
in faith⁸ this was the Merryest fitt

396 I heard this 7 yeere."

The friar
summons
Jack to
appear
before the
official.

All those⁹ that dancing thither came,
laught heartilye & made good game,
yett some gott many a fall.

400 " Thou cursed boy ! " cryed out the¹⁰ fryar,¹¹
" heere I doe summon thee to appeare¹²
beffor the Officiall !

404 " Looke thou be there on fryday next ;
Ile meet thee then, thou¹³ now perplext,
for to ordaine thee sorrow.¹⁴ "
The boy replyed, " I make¹⁵ avowe,
fryer, Ile appeare as soone as thou,
408 if fryday were to Morrowe."

¹ out.—P.

² MS. y'.—F.

³ ? small openings; cf. Phillips.

" Among Sea-men Cocks are little square pieces of Brass, with Holes in them, put into the middle of great Wooden Shivers, to keep them from splitting and galling by the Pin of the Block or Pulley on which they turn."—F.

⁴ danced.—P. ⁵ with sport.—P.

⁶ this not in P[rinted] C[opy].—P.

⁷ thou.—P.

⁸ In truth.—P.

⁹ these.—P.

¹⁰ MS. thy.—F.

¹¹ frere.—P.

¹² thee appear.—P.

¹³ though.—P.

¹⁴ they sorrow.—P.

¹⁵ I'll make.—P.

But fryday came, as you shall heare ;
 Iackes stepdam & the dancing fryar,¹
 together they were mett,

On Friday
 all the world
 flockt to the
 court.

412 And other people a great pace
 flockt to the court to heare eche case :
 the Officiall ² was sett.

Much c[i]uill matters were to doo,
 416 more libells read then one o tow³
 both [against priest & clarke ;]⁴
 Some there had testaments to proue, [page 108.]
 some women there through wanton lone,
 420 which gott strokes in the darke.

Other
 business
 disposed of,

Each Proctor ⁵ there did plead his case ;
 when forth did stepp fryer Topias⁶
 & Iackes stepdame alsoe :
 424 "Sir Officiall," a lowd said hee,
 "I hane brought a wicked boy to thee,
 hath done me mightye woe ;
 " He is a wiche, as I doe feare,
 428 in Orleance⁷ he can find noe peere,
 this of my troth⁸ I know."

the friar
 steps
 forward,

and accuses
 Jack of
 witchcraft ;

¹ frere.—P.

² Phillip defines an *Official*, "In the Canon Law, a Person to whom any Bishop commits the Charge of his Spiritual Jurisdiction ; the Chancellor or Judge of a Bishop's Court. In the Statute or Common Law, a Deputy whom an Archdeacon substitutes in the executing of his Jurisdiction." Chaucer, in his *Freres Tale*, tells us the offences that an Archdeacon tried, and we quote his words to illustrate the next stanza above—

Whilom there was dwellyng in my
 countre
 An erchedeken, a man of gret degré,
 That boldely did execucion
 In punyshyng of *fornicacioun*,
 Of *wicchcraft*, and eek of *bauderye*,
 Of *diffamacioun*, and *avoutrie*,
 Of *chirche-reves*, and of *testamentes*,

Of contractes, and of lak of sacraments,
 And eek of many another [maner] cryme
 Which needith not to reherse at this
 tyme.

Canterbury Tales, ed. Morris, v. 2, p.
 246, l. 1-10; ed. Wright, p. 78, col. 2,
 l. 6883-90.—F.

³ one or two.—P.

⁴ MS. cut away. "Both with preest
 and clerke," ed. Hazlitt; but the bits of
 letters left in the folio require *against*
 and *priest*.—F.

⁵ Proctor, an Advocate who, for his
 Fee, undertakes to manage another Man's
 Cause in any Court of the Civil or Eccle-
 siastical Law : Phillips.—F.

⁶ Tobias.—P.

⁷ alluding to the Pucelle d'Orleans,
 accounted a witch by the English.—P.

⁸ of my ruth.—P.

and so does
the step-
mother,

“ He is a Devill,” quoth the wiffe,
“ & almost hath bereaued my¹ liffe ! ”
432 at that her taile did blow

Soe lowd, the assembly laught theratt,
& said ‘ her pistolls cracke² was flatt,
the charge was all amisse.’
436 “ Dame,” quoth the gentle Oficiall,
“ proceed & tell me forth thy tale,
& doe not let for this.”

but is
abruptly
made
ashamed and
dumb.

The wiffe that feared another cracke,
440 stood mute, & neere a word shee spake ;
shame put her in such dread.
“ Ha ! ” said the fryer right angerlye,
“ knaue ! this is all along sill of³ thee ;
444 now euill mayst⁴ thou speed ! ”

The friar
tells of
Jack's pipe,

The fryer said, “ Sir Oficiall !
this wicked boy will vexe vs all
vnlesse you doe him chast.
448 Sir, he hath yett a pipe trulye
will make you dance & leape full hie
& breake your hart at last.”

and raises
the official's
curiosity,

The Oficiall replyd, “ perdee !
452 such a pipe faine wold⁵ I see,
& what mirth it can make.”
“ Now god forbidd ! ” replyed the fryar,⁶
“ that ere wee shold that vild pipe heare
456 ere I my way hence take.”

¹ almost berd me of my.—P.

² Compare Russell's *Boke of Nurture*,
l. 304 :—

And euer beware of gunnes with thy
hynder ende blasting.—F.

³ all still long of.—P. ⁷ *sill*, beam.

—F.

⁴ mote.—P.

⁵ I fain wold.—P.

⁶ frere.—P.

“ Pipe on, Iacke ! ” sayd the official,
 “ & let me heare thy cuning¹ all.”
 Iacke blew his pipe full lowde
 460 That euery man start vp & dancte ;
 Proctors & preists, & sommers² pranct,
 & all in *that* great crowde ;

at whose
 bidding Jack
 pipes away,
 and all the
 world begins
 dancing,

Over the deske the official ran,
 464 & hopt vpon the table, then
 straight Iumpt vnto³ the flore.
 The fryer that danct⁴ as fast as hee,
 mett him midway, & dangerouslye
 468 broke eithers⁵ face full sore.

even the
 official,
 who suffers
 a collision
 with the
 friar.

The register leapt from his pen,
 & hopt into the throng of men,
 his inkhorne in his hande ;
 472 with swinging round about his head,
 some he strucke⁶ blind, some almost dead,
 some they cold hardly stand.

The
 Register's
 ink-horn
 swings
 about
 banefully.

The proctors flung their bills⁷ about,
 476 the goodwiues tayle gaue many a shout,
 perfuming all the Mirthe ;
 The Sommers, as they had beene woode,
 leapt ore the formes & seates a goode,⁸
 480 & swallowed on the earth.

Proctors and
 sommers hop
 madly.

Wenches *that* for their pennance came,
 & other Meeds of wordlye⁹ shame,
 danct¹⁰ euery one as fast ;

¹ cunning.—P.

² sompners or sommers, *i.e.* summoners,
 they who cited to the court.—P.

³ into.—P.

⁴ dauns't.—P.

⁵ others.—P.

⁶ strake.—P.

⁷ the bills.—P.

⁸ *i.e.* at a good rate.—P. Cp. our “a
 good ‘un.”—F.

⁹ worldly.—P.

¹⁰ daunst.—P.

484 Each sett on ¹ a merry pin,²
some broke their heads, & some their shin,
& some their noses brast.

At last the
official begs
the boy to
give over
playing.

The official thus sore turmayld,
488 Halfe swelt³ with sweat, & almost spoyld, [page 104.]
cryed to the wanton childe
'To pipe noe more within that place,
but stay the sound, euen for gods grace,
492 & loue of Mary Milde.'

Jack will
do so on
condition of
an amnesty.

Lacke sayd, "as you will, it shalbe,
provided I may hence goe free,
& no man doe me wrong,⁴

496 Neither this woman nor this fryer,⁵
nor any other creature heere."

The
condition
agreed to,

he answered him anon,
"Lacke, I to thee my promise plight,
500 in thy defence I mean to fight,
& will oppose thy fone.⁶"

Jack stops
his pipe.

Lacke ceast⁷ his pipes: then all still stood;
some laughing hard, some raging woode.

504 soe parted at that tide
The Officiall & the Somner,
the stepdame & the wicked fryer,⁸
with much Ioy, mirth, & pride.
ffins.

¹ sat upon.—P.

² On the pin, on the *qui vive*. In a
merry pin, *i.e.* a merry humour, half
intoxicated. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

³ MS. pared away, read by Percy.—F.

⁴ Half a stanza seems wanting here
and in Pr. Copy.—P.

⁵ frere.—P.

⁶ fone, *i.e.* foes.—P.

⁷ cast.—P.

⁸ frere.—P.

As I was rydinge by the way.¹

[Page 104 of MS.]

AS I was ryding by the way,
 a woman profered me a bagge,
 & 40^{te}. cattell more, to stay
 4 & giue her belly but a swagge.

First I met
a woman
who wanted
me.

A pox on the whore, they were but scrapps
 that I supposed was single monye ;
 the cattell had lice, or else perhappes
 8 I had light and tooke her by the coney.

I had not further rydd a Myle
 but I mett with a market Maide
 who sunge, the way for to beguile,
 12 in these same words, and thus shee said :

Then I met
a market
maid who
sang

“ I see the Bull dothe Bull the cow ;
 & shall I lue a maiden still ?
 I see the bore doth brim the sow ;
 16 & yet there is neuer a lacke for gill.”

that she
wanted a
lover.

I had some hope, & to her spoke,
 “ sweet hart, shall I put my flesh in thine ? ”
 “ with all my hart, Sir ! your nose in my arse,”
 20 quoth she, “ for to keepe out the winde.”

I offered
myself,
and she
sold me.

Shee ryde vpon a tyred mare,
 & to reuenge noe time withstoode,
 I bluntlye asket *pro* to occupye her ;
 24 but first shee wold know wherfore *that* was good.

I asked to
occupy her.¹ A loose but humorous song.—P.

“ It will make thee liuelye,” I did say,
 “ put Ioy and spiritt in stead of woee.”

“ Occupy
 my mare,”
 said she.

28 “ then occupy my mare, I pray,
 good Sir, for shee can hardlye goe.”

I asked to
 kiss her,

I milder grew, & wold but feele :
 She said she was neuer felt, but kist ;

but was
 sold again.

32 I was content, & shee said, “ weeble,
 youst kisse my bum & feele my fist.”

So I rode
 away,
 and told
 nobody.

36 I was red & pale with shame & spight
 to be soe answered of the drabb,
 that I swore, & spurrd, & away did ride,
 & of my wooinge was noe blabbe.

ffins.

The Man that hath.

[Page 104 of MS.]

THE man that hath a hansom wiffe
 & keepes her as a treasure,
 it is my cheefest ioy of liffe
 4 to haue her to my pleasure ;

Stolen
waters are
sweet ;

But if *that* man regardless were [page 105.]
 as tho¹ he carde not for her,
 tho shee were like to venus fayre,
 8 in faith I wold abhor her.

unwatched,
are nought.

If to doe good I were restrained,
 & to doe euill bidden,
 I wold be puritan, I sweare,
 12 ffor I loue the thing forbidden.

It is the care *that* makes the theft ;
 none loues the thing forsaken ;
 the bold & willinge whore is left
 16 when the modest wench is taken.

Care tempis
the theft.

Shee dulle *that* is² too forwards bent ;
 not good, but want, is reason ;
 fish at a feast, & flesh in lent,
 20 are never out of season.

ffins.

¹ MS. has a mark between *o* and *h*.—F. ² ? *for* is that's.—F.

Dulcina.¹

[Page 178 of MS.]

THE first notice of this ballad that Mr. Chappell has found is “in the registers of the Stationers’ Company, under the date of May 22, 1615, [where] there is an entry transferring the right of publication from one printer to another, and it is described as ‘A Ballett of Dulcina, to the tune of *Forgoe me nowe, come to me soone*,’” the burden of the present ballad: (“Pop. Music,” v. 2. p. 771). At v. 1. p. 143 the tune is given; it is to be played “cheerfully.” The earlier title of the tune seems to have soon disappeared; for, says Mr. Chappell, v. 1. p. 142, “this tune is referred to under the names of ‘Dulcina,’ ‘As at noon Dulcina rested,’ ‘From Oberon in Fairy-land,’ and ‘Robin Goodfellow.’ . . . The ballad of ‘As at noon Dulcina rested’ is said, upon the authority of Cayley and Ellis, to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. The milk-woman in Walton’s ‘Angler’ says, ‘What song was it, I pray you? Was it, ‘Come shepherds, deck your heads,’ or ‘As at noon Dulcina rested?’ &c.’ Mr. Chappell gives a list of eight ballads and songs directed to be sung to this tune, and the last of them is one that shows an earlier person than Rowland Hill (?) didn’t see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself: for “Dulcina is one of the tunes to the Psalms and Songs of Sion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land,” 1642.

AS att noone Dulc[i]na rested
in her sweete & shadé² bower,
there came a shepeard, & requested

“Let me sleep in thy lap.” 4 in her lapp to sleepe and hower³;

¹ This song is printed in many collections of songs.—P.

² shady.—P.
³ an hour.—P.

but from her looke a wound he tooke
soe deepe, *that for a further boone*
the Nymph he prayes; wherto shee sayes
8 “forgoe me now, come to me soone.”

"Go away."

But in vayne shee did coniure him
to depart her presence soe,
hauing thousand tounges to allure him,
12 & but one to say him noe.
where lipps invite, & eyes delyght,
& cheekees as red as rose in Iune
perswade delay, what boots shee say¹
16 "forgoe me &c."

"What? go,

when your tongue says No, but your eyes say Yes!"

Words whose hopes might have enioyned
him to lett DULCINA sleepe.²
Can a mans loue be confined,
20 or a mayd her promise keepe?
But hee her wast still held as ffaст
as shee was constant to her tune,
thoughe neere soe fayre her speechers were,
24 "forgoe me &c."

Did he let
her sleep?

No, he held
her fast.

He demands, "what time or³ pleasure
can there be more soone⁴ then now?"
shee sayes, "night giues loue *that* leysure
28 that⁵ the day cannott allow."
"the said kind sight forgiues delight,"
quoth hee, "more easilye then the moone."
"In Venus playes be bold," shee sayes,
32 "fforgoe me &c."

"What better time than now?"

"Be bold,"
she says.

¹ to say.—P.

* The *e* has a flourish at the end like another *e*.—F.

* for, qu.—P.

⁴ apt, meet, or fit.—P. ? MS. *seene*.—F.

* which.—P.

What was
the result?

I'll not tell
it.

She said,
"Go away!"

But who knowes how agreed these loues?
Shee was fayre, & he was younge;
tounge¹ may tell what eyes discouer;

36 Ioyes vnseene are neuer songe.
did shee consent or he relent?
accepts he night, or grants shee none?
left hee her Mayd or not? shee sayd
40 "forgoe me now, come to me soone."

¹ tongues.—P.

Off a Puritane.

[Page 182 of MS.]

THERE are several other ballads of this kind extant, about Puritans and holy sisters. They were a favourite topic with the Cavaliers, more especially after the Puritans came into power.—W. C.

IT was a puritanicall ladd
that was called Mathyas,
& he wold goe to Amsterdam

Mathias,
going to
Amsterdam,

4 to speake with Ananyas.

he had not gone past halfe a mile,
but he mett his holy sister ;
hee layd his bible vnder her breeche,
8 & merylye hee kist her.

meets his
sister,

and kisses
her.

“ Alas ! what wold they wicked say ? ”
quoth shee, “ if they had seene itt !
my Buttocckes thé lye to lowe : I wisht

“ What
would the
wicked say
if they'd
seen it ? ”

12 appocrypha were in itt ! ”

“ but peace, Sweet hart, or ere wee part,—
I speake itt out of pure devotion,—
by yee & nay Ile not away
16 till thou feele my spiritts motion.”

Before
we part,

you must
feel my
spirit's
motion.

Thé huf & puft with many heaues,
till that thé both were tyred,
“ alas ! ” quoth shee, “ youle spoyle the leaues ;
20 my peticoates all Myred !

She does.

if wee professors shold bee knowne
to the English congregation
eyther att Leyden or Amsterdam,
itt wold disgrace our nation ;

24

“ But since itt is, *that part* wee must,
tho I am much vnwilling,
good brother, lets haue the tother thrust,
& take thee this fine shilling
to beare thy charges as thou goes,
& passage ore the oceane.”
then downe shee Layd, & since tis sayd,
shee quencht his spiritts motion.

She gives
him a
shilling,

28

and
quenches
his motion.

32

Cooke Laurell.¹

[Page 182 of MS.]

THIS song is from Ben Jonson's "Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, as it was thrice presented to King James — first at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, next at Belvoir, and lastly at Windsor, August, 1621." (*Ben Jonson's Works*, ed. Procter (after Gifford), 1838, p. 618.) Puppy the Clown terms it "an excellent song," and of its singer says, "a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed! a fine breast of his own!" Gifford also says: "This 'song' continued long in favour. It is mentioned with praise not only by the poets of Jonson's age, but by many of those who wrote after the Restoration." The present copy contains eight more stanzas than Jonson's own MS. printed by Gifford, and (after him) by Mr. Procter at p. 626 of his edition of Jonson's Works. The presence of these additional stanzas may be explained by Gifford's remarks on the Masque itself:

"This Masque, as the title tells us, was performed before James and his Court at three several places. As the actors, as well as the spectators, varied at each, it became necessary to vary the language; and Jonson, who always attended the presentation of his pieces, was called on for additions adapted to the performers and the place. These unfortunately are not very distinctly marked either in the MS. or the printed copies, though occasional notices of them appear in the former. As everything that was successively written for the new characters is not come down to us, the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*

¹ By Ben Jonson. See Dryden's Misc. vol. 2. page 142. See also Ben Jonson's Works, vol. 6. p. 103. See Pepys Collection, vol. 4. page 284.—P. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 160-1. Another copy of this Ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, ii. 445. Percy's reference to Dryden's *Miscellanies* is to the fourth edi-

tion of 1716, where *Cook Laurel* is called "A Song on the Devil's Arse of the Peak. By Ben Jonson." It is reprinted from the folio edition, as it has the three extra verses at the end, and *slirted* for *flirted* in the stanza before them. This poem is not in the original edition of the *Miscellanies*, Part II., in 1685.—F.

appears of immoderate length; it must however have been highly relished by the Court; and the spirit and accuracy with which the male characters are drawn, and the delicacy and sweetness with which some of the female ones are depicted, though they cannot delight (as at the time) by the happiness of their application, may yet be perused with pleasure as specimens of poetic excellence, ingenious flattery, or adroit satire."—*Ben Jonson's Works* (ed. Gifford, 1810), vol. vii. p. 366.

On the text of this *Metamorphosed Gipsies* Gifford says in his Introduction :

"A MASQUE, &c.] From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had stolen abroad, and been printed the year before, together with a few of Jonson's minor poems, by J. Okes, in 12mo.

"The folio, never greatly to be trusted, is here grievously incorrect, and proves the miserable incapacity of those into whose hands the poet's papers fell. The surreptitious copy in 12mo. is somewhat less imperfect, but yet leaves many errors. These I have been enabled in some measure to remove, by the assistance of a MS. in the possession of my friend Richard Heber, Esq., to whose invaluable collection, as the reader is already apprised, I have so many obligations. This, which is in his own hand, and is perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence, is more full and correct than either of the printed copies, the folio in particular, and is certainly prior to them both. It fills up many lacunæ and, in once instance, completes a stanza, by furnishing three lines, which no ingenuity could have supplied."

In speaking of Jonson's Masques, Mr. Procter says, "Jonson returned to London in May, 1619," and "speaks of his welcome by King James, who was pleased to see him. Towards the end of May our author went to Oxford, where he resided for some time at Christchurch, with Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, with whom he was on terms of friendship. During his stay at Oxford he composed several of his Masques and other works; quitting the place occasionally, however, to accompany the Court in its royal progresses, and probably visiting the gentry around. Amongst these Masques, the best were, *The Vision of Delight*, *Pleasure reconciled to Virtue*, and *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*. Although the dialogue in the Masques, generally, strikes us as being tedious and somewhat too pedantic, yet the contrast of the Masque with the Anti-Masque—the mixture of the elegant with the grotesque, the introduction of graceful dances, the ingenious machinery, and the music 'married' to the charming lyrics, of which these little dramas are full, must have rendered them in the main very delightful performances. . . . *The*

Metamorphosed Gypsies is a much longer and more elaborate performance than the others. It comprises, as its title will probably suggest, a considerable quantity of the gipsy cant or slang, and some rough and not over-delicate jesting; but several of the lyrics are, as usual, very delightful." (P. xxiii-iv.)

The present song is the answer to the following question of Puppy's to the gipsy Patrico :—"But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your Captain's place first to be called 'the Devil's Arse?'" Mr. Chappell prints the tune of it at p. 161 of his *Popular Music*, and says that other copies of the song are in the Pepys Collection of Ballads, and, with music, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*. Also that "in S. Rowland's *Martin Markhall, his defence and answer to the Bellman of London*, 1610, is a list of rogues by profession, in which *Cock Lorrel* stands second. He is thus described:—"After him succeeded, by the general council, one *Cock Lorrell*, the most notorious knave that ever lived." . . . By trade he was a tinker, often carrying a pan and hammer for shew; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast his profession into a ditch, and play the paddler." Gifford, who quotes the same treatise from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, adds that Cock Lorrell as he "past through the town would crie, *Ha' ye any worke for a tinker?* To write of his knaveries, it would aske a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quartern of Knaves, called the Five and twentie Orders of Knaves. This Cock Lorell continued among them longer than any of his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twentie years until the year A.D. 1533, and about the five and twenty year of Hen. VIII." In 1565, says Mr. Chappell, a book was printed called *The Fraternitye of Vagabondes; whereunto also is adjoyned the twenty-five orders of knaves: confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell*.

Cocke Lorell's Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, is, we hope, so well known by the Percy Society's edition of it, as to need no further mention.

Cooke
Laurell asks
the Devil
to dinner.

COOKE Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest,
who came in his hole¹ to the Peake to dinner,
Where neuer ffeend had such a feast
provided him yet att the charge of a sinner.

The Devil
asks for a
poached
Puritan;

4 His stomacke was queasie, he came thither coachet,²
the Logging itt³ made some crudityes ryse,
to helpe itt hee Called for a puritan pochet⁴
8 that vsed to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

then, Pro-
moters in
plum broth,

And soe recovered to⁵ his wish,
he sett him downe⁶ & fell to⁷ Meate;
Promooters⁸ in plumbe⁹ broth was his first dish,
12 his owne priuye¹⁰ kitchen had noe¹¹ such meate.

6 pickled
Tailors,
and a salad
of Perfumers.

12 Sixe pickeld taylors slasht¹² & cutt,
With Sempsters & tire women fitt for his pallatt,¹⁴
With ffeathermen¹⁵ & perfumers pnt
16 Some 12 in a charger, to make a graue¹⁶ sallett.

Next a
Bawd and
Bacon,

Yett tho with this hee much was taken,
Upon a sudden hee shifted his trencher,
& soone¹⁷ he spied the Baude & Bacon¹⁸
20 by which you may know¹⁹ the devill is a wencher.²⁰

¹ to his hole in the &c.—P. And bade
him in.—W. (or Works, ed. Procter, after
Gifford.)

been a favourite Christmas dish.” Nares.
See the long recipe in Nares for making
it.—F.

² coached.—P. ⁸ had.—P.

¹⁰ privy.—P. The first e has been
changed into y.—F. ¹¹ never.—P.

³ poached.—P. ⁵ unto.—P.

¹² W. transposes this and the next
stanza.—F. ¹³ slashed, sliced.—P.

⁴ straight.—P. ⁷ his.—P.

¹⁴ palate.—P.

⁵ A Promoter: *s.* An informer; from
promoting causes or prosecutions. . . .

¹⁵ See Randolph's Muses Looking Glass.

“There goes but a pair of sheers between
a promoter and a knave.” (*Match at Midn.*

—P.)

⁶ Old Plays, vii. 367) in Nares.—F.

¹⁶ grand.—P. ¹⁷ as soon as.—W.

⁷ plumb Pottage.—P. MS. *may be*

¹⁸ a Baud's fat bacon.—P. ¹⁹ note.—P.

plimke. “Plum-broth: an article in
cookery which appears to have been
formerly in great repute, and to have

²⁰ Wencher or Wenching-Man, one that
keeps Wenches Companye, or goes a
whoring; a Whoremaster. Phillips.—F.

A rich fatt vserer stewed in his Marrowe,
 & by him a lawyers head in ¹ greene sawce,²
 both which his belly tooke in Like a barrowe
 24 As if tell ³ then he had neuer seene sowce.⁴ a stewed
 Usurer,

Then, Carbonadoed ⁵ & cooket ⁶ with paynes,⁷
 was sett on ⁸ a clouen sergeants ⁹ face ;
 the sawce was made of his yeamans ¹⁰ braynes,
 28 that had beene beaten out with his owne mace. a carbona-
 doed Ser-
 jeant's face,

Tow roasted sherriffes came whole to the borde,—
 the feaste ¹¹ had beene nothing without them ;—
 both living & dead they were foxed ¹² & furred,
 32 theire chaines like sawsinges ¹³ hang about them. ² roast
 Sherriffes

The next ¹⁴ dish was a Maior of a towne,
 with a pudding of Maintenance ¹⁵ [thrust ¹⁶] in his
 bellye,
 like a goose in his ¹⁷ fethers drest in his gowne,
 36 & his couple ¹⁸ of hinch boyes ¹⁹ boyled to ²⁰ Iellye. a Mayor,
² boiled
 Pages,

¹ and.—W.

² See the Recipes for "Pur verde sawce," in *Liber Cure Cocorum*, p. 27, & "Vert Sause" (herbs, bread-crums, vinegar, pepper, ginger, &c.), in *Household Ordinances*, p. 441. "Grene sawce is good with grene fische." John Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, Sawce for Fische.—F.

³ till.—P.

⁴ sauce.—W. *Souse* means pickle.—F.

⁵ Carbonado, meat broil'd on the Coals.—Phillips. And see Markham's *Housewife*.—F.

⁶ cooked.—P.

⁷ ? pains, care. "In Cookery Pains signifie certain Messes proper for Side-dishes, so call'd as being made of Bread, stuff'd with several sorts of Farces and Ragoos." Phillips.—F.

⁸ brought up.—W.

⁹ grave face.—P.

¹⁰ yeoman's.—P.

¹¹ in truth had.—P.

¹² ? wore foxes skins as fur.—F.

¹³ Sausages hanging.—P.

¹⁴ very next.—P.

¹⁵ Cap of *Maintenance*, one of the *Regalia*, or Ornaments of State, belonging to the King of England, before whom it is carry'd at the Coronation, and other great solemnities. Caps of *Maintenance* also are carry'd before the Mayors of several Cities of England. Phillips.—F.

¹⁶ thrust.—P.

¹⁷ the.—P.

¹⁸ An *l* has been altered into *p* in the MS.—F.

¹⁹ i. e. pages.—P. A hench-man or hench-boy, *page d'honneur qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grande autorité*.—Sherwood (in *Cotgrave*). See Mr. Way's note¹, *Promptorium*, p. 293, and *Household Ordinances* as there referred to. *Henchman* or *Heinsmen*, a German Word signifying a Household-Servant; and formerly taken amongst us for a Page of Honour or Footman. Phillips.—F. ²⁰ to a.—W.

a roast
Cuckold,

A London Cuckold¹ hott from the spitt:
but² when the Carver vpp had broke³ him,
the devill chopt up his head att a bitt,⁴ [him].

40 but the hornes were verry neere like to haue choakt⁴

a Lecher's
back,
a Harlot's
hamach,

The chine of a leacher too there was roasted,
with a plunpe⁵ harlotts haunche & garlike;

a Panders petitoes that had boasted

44 himselfe for a Captaine, yet neuer was warlike.

a Midwife
pasty,

A long⁶ fatt pasty of a Midwiffe hot:
& for a cold baket meat⁷ into the storye,
a reuerend painted Lady was brought,

48 had beene⁸ confined in crust till⁹ shee was hooary.

an old
Justice of
the Peace,

To these an ouer worne¹⁰ justice of peace,
With a clarke like a gisarne¹¹ trust vnder eche arme;

& warrants for sippitts laid in his owne grace,¹²

52 Sett ore¹³ a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

and a Holy
Sister's
kidney,
which
nearly made
the Devil
sick,

14 Then broyled and broacht¹⁵ on a buchers pricke,
the kidney came in of a holy sister;
this bitt had almost made his devillshipp sicke,

56 that his doctor did feare he wold need a glister.

a Traitor's-
guts' pie,

"ffor harke," quoth hee, " how his bellye rumbles!"
& then with his pawe, that was a reacher,
hee puld to a pye of a traitors numbles,¹⁶

60 & the gibbletts¹⁷ of a silent teacher.

¹ came hot.—P. ² and.—P.

³ “Termes of a Keruer. *Breke* that dere,” (Wynkyn de Worde’s Boke of Keruyng): the right name therefore for a horned biped.—F.

⁴ to choake.

⁵ plunpe in MS.—F. ⁶ large.—W.

⁷ meat pie.—F. ⁸ And.—W.

⁹ until shee.—P. ¹⁰ overgrown.—W.

¹¹ gizzard.—P. Gyserne (of fowles) *idem quod Garbage supra*: Garbage of fowls (or gyserne *infra*), *Enteria, vel enteria, vel exta*. Promptorium, p. 194, p. 186. *Gisit*, m. the gyserne of birds. Cotgrave.—F.

¹² grease.—P. ¹³ over.—W.

¹⁴ W. omits this stanza and the next one.—F. ¹⁵ i.e. rosted.—F.

¹⁶ Humbles. The humbles of a deer are the Liver, &c.—P. “Noumble of a dere, or beest, *entrailles*. Palsgrave. *Precordia*, the numbles, as the hart, the splene, the lunges, and lyver. Elyot. . . Skinner writes the word the ‘humbles’ of a stag, and rightly considers it as derived from *umbilicus*.” Way in Promptorium, p. 360, note.—F.

¹⁷ Gybelet, *idem quod Garbage* (see note¹¹, above). Gybelet of fowlrys. *Profectum*. Promptorium.—F.

The Lowle of a Iaylor was ¹ served for a ffish,
 with vinigar ² pist by the deane of Dustable ³ ;
 tow aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish,
 64 with a dried deputye & ⁴ a sowcet ⁵ constable. ⁶

² Aldermen
lobsters.

⁷ These gott him soe feirce a stomacke againe,
 that now he wants meate wheron to feeda : ⁸
 he called for the victualls were drest for his
 traine,
 68 and they brought him vp an alepotrida, ⁹

The Devil
asks for
more food.

Wherin were ¹⁰ mingled courtier, ¹¹ clowne,
 tradsmen, ¹² marchants, ¹³ banquerouts store,
 Churchmen, ¹³ Lawyers of either gowne,—
 72 of civil, commen, ¹³—player & whore,

of Bank-
rupts,
Lawyers,

Countess, ¹⁴ servant, Ladyes, ¹⁴ woman,
 mistris, ¹⁴ chambermaid, coachman, ¹⁴ knight,
 Lord & visher, groome ¹⁵ & yeaman ;
 76 where first the feend with his forke did light.

Ladies,
Chamber-
maids, &c.

All which devowred, he now for to close
 doth for a ¹⁶ draught of Derbye ale call.
 he heaued the huge vessell vp to his nose,
 80 & left not till hee had drunk ¹⁷ vp all.

He eats
it all,
asks for
some Derby
ale,
and drinks
it up.

¹ W. omits was.—F.

² Vynegur is good to salt purpose &
torrentyne, Salt sturgeon, salt swyrd-
fysche, savery & fyne. John Russell.
Boke of Nurture. Sawce for Fische.—F.

³ A constable sou'd with vinegar by.
—W.

⁴ Deputy dried and.—P.

⁵ sowcet.—P. Cooked in vinegar,
&c. “ Souce, a sort of Pickle for a Collar
of Brawn, Pork, &c.” Phillips.—F.

⁶ A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.
—W.

⁷ W. omits this and the next two
stanzas.—F.

⁸ feed-a.—P.

⁹ Olla-podrida.—P. *Olla Podrida*
(Span.) a Hotch-pot, or a Dish of Meat
made of several Ingredients, the chief of
which is Bacon. Phillips.—F.

¹⁰ The first e is made over an h.—F.

¹¹ and.—P.

¹² and—
¹³ and—
¹⁴ and—
¹⁵ groone in MS.—F.

¹⁶ he then for a close Did for a full.
—W.

¹⁷ it.—P.

Then the
Devil breaks
wind, 84

and the
stink of
that

is the
Tobacco
which
Punks
smoke;

from
which may
God keep
King James!

88

92

96

Then from the table hee gane a start,
where banquet & wine were nothing scarce ;
all which hee blew¹ away with a ffartt,
from wence itt was called the Devills arse.

²And there he made such a breach with the wind,
the hole yett³ standing open the while,
the sente of the vay[pour⁴] hee left⁵ behind
hath since infected⁶ most part of the Ile.

And this was tobbacco, the learned suppose,
which both⁷ in countrye, court and towne,⁸
in the devills glister pipe smokes att the nose
of punke⁹ & Madam, gallant¹⁰ & clowne ;

ffrom which wicked perfume, swines flesh,¹¹ and linge,¹²
¹³ or any thing else he¹⁴ doth¹⁵ not loue,
preserue & send our gracious king¹⁶
such meate as he loues, I beseeche god aboue !¹³
ffins.

¹ flirted.—W. flirted.—Folio ed.
² W. omits these last three stanzas.—F.
³ too.—Folio.

⁴ Scent of the Vapour which he left.—P.
⁵ That the sente of the vapour, before
and.—Folio.

⁶ foully perfumed.—Folio.
⁷ since.—Folio.

⁸ in Court and in towne.—P.
⁹ Polcat.—Folio.

¹⁰ of Gallant.—Folio.

¹¹ Cp. the 2nd Gipsy's speech, p. 51 of
Masques, in the Folio edition of 1640 :
Where the Cacklers, but no Grunters,
Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*.

On which Gifford, vii. 372, says : "a side
compliment to the King, who hated pork
in all its varieties."—F.

¹² *Lota molva* (Cuvier) or *Gadus molva*
(Linnaeus). The *ling*, *Asellus longus* :

Way. *Leenge*, *fysche*, *Lucius marinus*:
Promptorium. Norse *laanga*, Dan. *lange*,
Du. *linge*, *lenge*, a kind of codfish : Wedg-
wood.—F.

¹³⁻¹⁵ Or any thing else that's feast for the
fiend :

Our *Captaine*, and wee, cry God save
the *King*,
And send him good meate, and mirth
without end.—p. 72 of *Masques*,
Folio ed. 1640.

¹⁴ It should seem to mean James I.
whose aversion to Tobacco is well known,
as also to Pork—being a Scotchman.—P.

¹⁵ which he doth.—P.

¹⁶ James I.'s *Counterblast to Tobacco*
was first printed in folio, as the King's
work, in 1616. Harris says there was
an earlier edition in quarto, without
name or date.—F.

The Mode of ffrance.

[Page 193 of MS.]

WILL you heare the Mode of france
 to stopp the mouthe of those *that done you*¹ ?
 neatly Leade them in a dance,
 4 because wee are behind in mony.

I'll tell you
the French
way to put
off duns :

If your Lanlord chance to call
 either for dyett or for rayment,
 Leade him in a dance withall,
 8 & forgett itt in your payment.

your Land-
lord,

If your taylor chance to strike you
 with his bill, & stay noe Leasure ;
 Lead him in a dance that likes you,
 12 & in-stead of coyne take measure.

your Tailor,

If your shoomaker come on
 with his last, & neatly Lead itt ;
 lett [t]his euerlasting done²
 16 see his owne boots³ neatly tread itt.

[page 194.] your Shoe-
maker,

If your Landlady doe call,
 needs must satisfye her pleasure ;
 shee despises your currant,⁴
 20 sheele be payd with standing measure.

your Land-
lady,¹ dun ye.—P.² Boots were formerly worn at Balls
as Pumps now.—P.² Let this everlasting Dun.—P.³ currante.—P. current coin.—F.

and your
Lawyer.

24

If your Lawyer¹ finds you out
for fees for this devise or tother,
let him dance for all his goute,
& pay one Motion with another.

This way
gets you out
of all
troubles.

28

Thus wee range the world about,
thus wee scape then all disasters ;
then Let all the world declare
that wee are nimble quicke paymasters.

ffins.

¹ Lawyer.—P.

Be not affrayd.

[Page 194 of MS.]

“BEE not affrayd thou fayrest, thou rarest
that euer was made ! deny me not a kisse ;
 then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure
 4 *that I will haue from thee.* what hurts there in
 this ?

O fairest !
 deny me not ;

Then lets imbrace, & lett pleasure be free,
 the world shall neere take notice how delightfull
 [we be.¹]

let me en-
 joy thee !

“I see *that* spyes, both peeping & creeping,
 8 in eche corner lyes to hinder all our Ioyes ;
 but Cupidd shall see, & find them, & blind them
 thatt hindrance wilbe to the getting of Boyes.
 Then lets, &c : /

Cupid will
 blind all
 spies.

12 “Venus, Iupiter, faire nature, Dame creature,²
 Made thee for delight, but yett for none but I ;
 Then lets imbrace, & riffle & trifle,
 leave a Lewell in the place, but keeppt till you
 d[ye.³]

You were
 made for me
 alone.

16 Then Lets, &c.”

Let us em-
 brace !

“Nay pish ! nay fye ! youle venter to enter !
 a trespass soe high, yonle wist were⁴ vndone ;
 should any spie, theyle wonder, looke yonder ;
 20 but youle not fly the place you haue begunn.
 Then Lets, &c.

Man, you
 will enter
 me.

What will
 spies say ?

¹ Added by Percy.—F.

² Dame Nature, faire creature.—P.

³ dye.—P.

⁴ wish 'twere.—F.

If you tell
any one, I'm
undone.

“Now you haue enjoyed the Measure of pleasure,
indeed I['m] destroyed if you speake of it againe ;
24 for women doe proue neglected, reiecte,
when freedome of love is known to other men.
Now you haue enjoyed me, & all things be free,
in faith youle vndoe me if a teltale you bee.

But I love
you, and

28 “Then heeres my hart ! Ile eneuer endeuer
that wee will neuer part till death assignes the
time.

that's why I
err ;

the fault is
so sweet.

32 were itt not you, beleene me it wold greene m[e]
to doo what I doo ; that loue shold be a crime ;
but it is a fault of soe sweet a degree,
that sure I am perswaded, court nor country be
fr[ee.]”

ffins :

Doe you meane.

[Page 197 of MS.]

DOE you meane to ouerthrow me ?
 out ! alas ! I am betraid !
 what ! is this the loue you show mee ?
 4 to vndo a sillye Maide.
 alas ! I dye ! my hart doth breake !
 I dare not crye, I cannot ¹ speake !
 what ! all alone ? nay then I finde
 8 men are to strong for women kind.

Is this your
 love ? to
 undo a silly
 maid ?

Out vpon the maid *that* put mee
 in this roome to be alone !
 yett she was noe foole to shut mee
 12 where I shold be seen of None.
 harke ! harke ! alac ! what Noyce is that ?
 o, now I see itt is the Catt.
 come gentle pus, thow wilt not tell ;
 16 if all doe soe thou shalt not tell.

How wrong
 of that
 woman to
 put me in
 here !

What noise
 is that ?

Seely foole ! why doubts thou tellinge
 where thou didst not doubt to trust ?
 if thy belly fall a swellinge,
 20 theres noe helpe, but out itt must.
 alas the spite ! alas the shame !
 for then I quite Loose my good name ;
 but yett the worst of Maids disgract,
 24 I am not first nor shalbe last.

No matter.
 Babies tell
 their own
 stories.

¹ canot in MS.—F.

Never mind.
Come on
again.

Once againe to try your forces,
thus I dare thee to the feild ;
time is lost that time diuences
from the pleasures lone doth yeeld.
Ah ha ! fyee, fyee ! itt comes yett still !
itt comes, I, I ! doe what you will !
my breath doth passe, my blood doth trickle !
was euer lasse in such a pickle ?

28

32

ffins.

A maid & a younge man.

[Page 197 of MS.]

A MAN & a younge maid that loued a long time
 were tane in a frenzye ithe Midsommer prime ;
 the maid shee lay drooping, hye ;
 4 the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay
 whopping hoe.

A man and
a maidcame to a
shady place.

Thus talking & walking the came to a place
 Innironed about with trees & with grasse,
 The maid shee, &c.

8 He shifted his hand wheras he had placet,
 hee handled her knees instead of her wast,
 The Maid, &c.

12 He shifted his hand till hee came to her knees,
 he tickeled her, & shee opened her thyhes,
 yett s[t]ill shee, &c.

He tickled
her,

16 He hottered & tottered, & there was a line
 that drew him on forward ; he went on amaine ;
 yett still shee, &c.

He light in a hole ere he was aware !
 the lane itt was streat ; he had not gone farr,
 but shee fell a kissing, hye !
 20 & he lay drooping, hoe, & he lay drooping, hoe.

she kissed
him,

“ My Billy, my pilly ! how now ? ” quoth shee ;
 “ gett vp againe, Billy, if that thou louest me ; ”
 yett still he Lay, &c.

a second
time as well
as the first.

24 He thought Mickle shame to lye soe longe ;
he gott vp againe & grew very strong ;
the Mayd shee Lay, &c.

28 The trees & the woods did wring abont,
& euery leafe began to showte,
& there was such, &c.

A creature for feature.

[Page 199 of MS.]

A creature, for feature I neuer saw a fairer,
soe witty, soe prettye, I neuer knew a rarer ;
shee soe kind, & I soe blynd,
I met a lass
so pretty
and kind.

4 that I ¹ may say another day
“ I did complaine, & I mett a swaine,
but [he] knew not how to wooe me nor doe mee,
he was soe dull conceipted.
But I was
dull.

8 I gaue a smile him to beguile,
I made a show to make him know,
I pincht his cheeke to make him seeke
& find some further pleasure, whose treasure
She may tell
how she
tempted me,

12 needs not to be Expected.

“ I stayd him, & praid him, & proffered him a
favour ;
he kist mee, & wisht me to beare with his be-
hauior ;
but hie tro lolly lolly, le silly willy cold not doe.
and I only
kist her.

16 all content with him was spent
when he had clipt & kist me, & mist me,
& cold not . . . kisse . . . [line cut off by the binder]
then thought I, & thought noe lye,
perhappis his pipe is not yett ripe ;
She waited
for me to
serve her,

20 yett an hower may haue the power
to make itt grow in full Lenght & full strenght ;
but fooles are led in blindnesse.

¹ ? she.—F.

but I didn't or couldn't, 24 "But woe mee, & woe mee ! alas, I cold not raise !
 and was not moved. 32 itt wold not, nor cold not, doe all I cold to please.¹
 his inke was run, his pen was done.
 Lacke ! art thou dead ? hold vp thy² head !
 I will litter thee & water thee,
 & feed thee with my neet,
 & better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.
 but all in vaine I did complaine,
 his Lacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred
 for all my prayers & all my teares."

ffins.

¹ One stroke of a word, pared off by
 the binder, follows.—F.

² MS. my.—F.

Lye : alone :¹

[Page 200 of MS.]

CAN any one tell what I ayle² ?What do I
all ?³ that I⁴ looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale.⁵ if I may be there Judge, I thinke there is noneWhy, I can't
lie alone,4 that can any longer lye alone.⁶Was euer womans⁷ case like mine ?

att 15 yeeres [I] began to pine ;

soe vnto this plight now I am growne,

and I won't.

8 I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone.⁸

9 If dreames be true, then Ride I can ;

I want a
man,

I lacke nothing but a man,

for tis onlye hee can ease my moane.

12 I can, nor &c.

10 When daye¹¹ is come, I wish for night ;

12 When night is come, I wish for light ;

13 thus all my time I sighe & moane.

16 14 I can, nor &c.

¹ The Maidens Complaint. To the tune of, *I can nor will*, &c. The Readings in Red Ink are from The Golden Garland.—P. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, ii. 462, for a different "Maiden's sad Complaint for want of a Husband." —F.

² maidens ail.—P.

³ I am grown so weak, &c. [G.G.] —P.

⁴ That they.—P.

⁵ If I may judge.—P.

⁶ Unto that plight, alas ! I'm grown,
That I can, nor will, no longer lye
alone. [G.G.]—P.

⁷ Maiden's. [G.G.]—P.

⁸ Thus at 15 years to pine ;
Were I the judge I'm sure there's
none

That would any longer, &c. [G.G.]

—P.

⁹ [This & the 4th stanza are transposed
in the Gold. Garld.] —P.

All that I want is but a man ;

Only I for one do make this moan.

For I can, &c. [G.G.] —P.

¹⁰ When it is day, I wish. [G.G.] —P.

¹¹ There is a tag, as for ⁹, to the ¹⁰. —F.

¹² And when it is dark. [G.G.] —P.

¹³ All the night long I, &c. [G.G.] —P.

¹⁴ Because that I too long have lain,
&c. [G.G.] —P.

and I'll take
the first that
comes.

20

- ¹ To woe the first, ashamed am I ;
- ² for & if he aske I will not denye ;
- ³ for the case is such I must needs haue one.
- ⁴ I can noe &c.

I will not
lie alone.

24

- ⁵ Therfore my prayer, itt shalbe still
that I may haue one *that* will worke my will ;
for itt is only hee can ease me anon,
& therfore Ile noe longer lye alone.

¹ Woe him first. [G.G.]—P.

² But if. [G.G.]—P.

³ Such is my case, I must have one.
[G.G.]—P.

⁴ For that I, &c. [G.G.]—P.

⁵ For all my wishing's, I'll have none
But him I love, & love but one ;
And if he love not me, then
I'll have none,
But ever till I dye I'll lye alone.
[G.G.]—P.

Downe : sate the shepard.

[Page 201 of MS.]

DOWNE : sate the shepard swaine

A swain
longed for
his wench,soe sober & demure,
wishing for his wench againe4 soe bonny & soe pure,
with his head on hillocke lowe,
& his armes a Cimbo,
And all for the losse of his hinononino !

and wept

8 The leaves the fell as thin ¹
 as water from a still ;
the heire vpon his head did growe
 as time ² vpon a hill ;
12 his cherry cheekes as pale as snowe
to testifye his mickle woo ;
& all was for the loue of his h̄y &c.because he
had lost her.16 ffayre shee was to loue, as euer liked swaine ;
 neuer such a dainty one
shall none enjoy againe ;
 sett a thousand on a rowe,
time forbidds that any shewe
20 euer the like to her h̄y &c.She was one
in a thou-
sand.24 faire shee was, [of] comly ³ hew,
 her bosome like a swan ;
backe shee had of bending yew,
 her ~~fast~~ was but a span ;Her bosom
swan-swell-
ing,¹ qu. MS.—F.² thyme.—P.³ of comelye.—P.

her hair
black

all over.

She was so
tempting,

all men
were mad
for her,

and the
swain hoped
to find her
on the grass.

her hayre as blacke as any croe,
from the top to the toe,
all downe along to her h̄y &c.

28 with her Mantle tucked vp
shee fothered her flocke,
soe that they that doe her see
may then behold her smocke,
32 soe finely doth shee vse to goe,
& neatly dance on tripp on ¹ toe,
that all men runn madd for her h̄y &c.

In a Meadow fayre & greene
36 the shepard layeth him downe,
thinking there his loue to find
sporting on a round,
A round which Maidens vse to go ;
40 Cupid bidds itt shold bee soe,
because all men were made for her h̄y &c.

¹ tripping.—P.

Men that More:

[Page 201 of MS.]

WE have not been able to find anything about the origin of this song. Neither Mr. Chappell nor any other song-learned person we have referred to knows it. It seems a notice, on the one hand, to men that a girl's refusal does not always mean a real No, and on the other hand, a warning to girls to beware lest love or waggish inclination tempt them beyond the bounds of prudence. How oft, alas, are they but flies that *do* play with the candle, and perish, while that burns on its allotted space, with no lessening of its brilliance in the eyes of men!—F.

MEN that more to the yard¹ northe church
are oft enclined,

Men some-
times pro-
pose to girls,

4 take young mayds now & then att lurch
to try their mind ;
But younge maidz now adayes are soe coy, *thē* will not
show

when they are in loue,

8 But for feare I² oft say noe, when perhappes they wold
fayne doe if itt wold not proue.

but they're
so coy they
say no.

If for a time for feare they bee wyllye
and seeme coy,

Yet Cupid
will pierce
their hearts.

12 there is one *that* perhappes may beguile yee,
the blind boy ;

¹ ? MS. yord.—F.

² *for* they.—F.

heeles strike home when he please ; to the quicke heele
shoot

his shaft without delay ;
then theyle sigh & lament when, alas, their owne
kind hart

16 can not say Nay.

The small fly *that playeth with the candle*
oft doth burne;

such young maids as doe loue for to dandle
once, may mourne.
lett fives burne & maids mourne for in w
Young maids may
get burnt
like flies in a
candle.

lett flyes burne, & maids mourne, for in vain you do
perswade

them from their folly;

Nature binds all their kinds now & then to play the
waggs

24 though the seeme holy
ffins.

Panche.¹

[Page 238 of MS.]

IT was a younge man that dwelt in a towne,
 a lollye husband² was hee,
 but he wold eat more at one sett dinner³
 4 the[n] 20 wold att three.
 soe great a stomacke had hee,
 his wiffe did him provide
 ten meales a day, his hungar⁴ to lay,
 8 yet was he not satisfied.
 take heed of hott furmitree !

Panche is a
 great glut-
 ton,

and his wife
 gives him
 ten meals a
 day.

His wiffe had a sister neere at hand,
 decket vp in a gowne of gray ;
 12 shee loued a young man, & marryed the weere
 vpon St. Iames his day ;
 & to the wedding went they,
 her brothers & sisters each one.
 16 shee vowed to bring her to⁵ capon pyes,
 with birds the sids vpon.
 take heed &c.

Her sister

marries,

and she
 promises her
 two capon
 pies for her
 wedding-
 feast.

But yet the good wiffe, the litle shee sayd,
 20 in mind & hart was woe
 because her husband, the glutton, wold
 vnto the wedding goe.

Panche's
 wife

¹ A Droll old Song, rather vulgar.—P.

⁴ One stroke too few in the first syl-

² There is a tag like an *s* at the end.—F.

⁵ lable.—F.

³ dimer in the MS.—F.

⁶ two.—P.

tries to per-
suade him

24 “ good husband,” then sayd shee,
“ at the wedding there will bee
my vnckle Iohn, & my cozen Gylee,¹
& others of good degree;
bis then stay you at home, my dere,
28 [then stay you at home, my dere,]

not to go to
the wed-
ding,

as he'll
shame her

and all his
kindred

by his mon-
strous
eating.

Panche gets
angry,
says his wife
has some
plot

to cuckold
him.
To the wed-
ding he will
go.

His wife
says, then

he must stop
eating when
she winks at
him.

“ffor if yo[u] come there, you vtterlye shame [page 239]
yor selfe & me besides,
& all your kinred euery one,
32 the Bridgrome & the bryde,
you feed soe Monst[r]ouslye
aboue all other men,
for you deuoure more meate at a meale
36 then 40 will doe at ten.”
take heed &c.

When that he heard his wiffe say soe,
his anger waxed hotte:
40 Quoth he, “ thou drabb! thou filthy Queane!
thy councell likes me not!
belike some match is made
betwixt some knaue & thee
44 to make me a scorne, my head for to horne!
I smell out thy knauerye!
to the wedding that I will goe !”

“ Good husband,” quoth shee, “ Misdoubt not of me!
48 I speake it for the best!
yet doe as you will, your mind to fulfill;
but let me this request,
that when vnorderlye ²
52 I see you feeding there,
when I doe winke, I wold haue you thinke
its time for to forbear.”
take heed &c.

¹ Giles.—P.

² i.e. disorderly.—P.

56 The man was content; to the wedding he went;
 great cheare was there prepared;
 the Bridsgroome father & mother both
 sate there with good regard.

Panche
 agrees; goes
 to the wed-
 ding;

60 furst to the table was brough[t]
 a course of furmitree,
 & Panche had a dish, a galland¹ I-wiss,
 that fitted his appetye²;
 64 & quicklye he slapt vp all.

Hee learned³ on his wiffe, & drew out his kniffe;
 to a legg of Mutton fell hee;
 he slapt it vp breefe, with a surloyne of beefe,
 68 & mincte pyes 2 or three:
 he never looked about,
 but fed with such a courage,
 he left for his share the bord almost bare,
 72 or the rest were out of their porrage.
 take heede &c.

eats,
 1. a gallon
 of furmitry,
 2. a leg of
 mutton;
 3. a surloin
 of beef;
 4. some
 mince pies,

and nearly
 clears the
 table.

Then did he spye his wiffe for to winke⁴;
 therfore he, to⁵ mend the matter,
 76 he cast vp againe the Meate he had eaten,⁶
 before them in a platter:
 “take heere your victualls,” hee sayd,
 “ & grudg not me my meate;
 80 & where I thinke that welcome I am,
 I cannott forbeare to eate.”
 take heede &c.

Seeing his
 wife wink at
 him,

he spews up
 the food,
 and says,

“ here’s your
 victuals!”

The time drew on when euery man
 84 vnto his rest did goe;
 but Paunch lay grunting by his wiffe,
 which made her wonderous woe.

When in
 bed,

Panche
 grunts,

¹ Gallon.—P. ² appetēo.—P. ³ A long upright stroke is between
³ leer'd.—P. these words in the MS.—F.
⁴ wink her eye.—P. ⁶ tane.

and says
he's ready
to die for
hunger.

" what ayle you man ? " quoth shee.

88 Quoth hee, " my hart is dry,
I am soe hungry, *that* for meat
I readye am to dye."
take heede &c.

His wife
says he
must wait
till break-
fast.

92 " Alas ! " quoth shee, " content you must bee
till breakfast time to stay ;
for none in the house is risen, you see,
to give you meate any way."

Tush! says
he;

96 " tush ! tell not me of *that* !
my belly must be fedd ! "

jumps out of
bed,

& with *that* word he Nimbly leapt
out of his naked bed,

goes to the
kitchen,

100 & into the kitchin did goe.

and slaps up
all the fur-
mity

To the ffurmitree¹ pott he quicklye gott,
& there, without delay,

he slapt vp the furmitree euerye whitt
or he departed away,

sane a ladel-full att the last
he kept to carry his wiffe.

Then he mistaking the chamber, he went [page 240]

except a
ladlefull
that he
means to
take to his
wife ;
but he goes
to another
man's,

104 108 vnto another mans wiffe.
take heede [&c.]

the bride-
groom's
mother.

Panche
takes her
buttocks

The Bridgroomes ffather & mother both
did at *that* time lye there ;

112 the woman had tumbled the clothes soe
that her buttockes all lay bare,
which by a glimering light
that was in *that* same place,

for his wife's
face,

116 Panch soone espyed, & tooke the same
to be his wiues sweet face.

¹ Frumenty or Furmety, a kind of Potage made of prepared Wheat, Milk, Sugar, Spice, &c. Phillipps. " Still a favorite dish in the north, consisting of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. It was especially a Christmas dish." *Nares*, ed. 1859. See the recipe and extracts there.—F

Then softly he sayd, " sweet wiff, I haue brought
some furmitree for thee ! " and offers
her the
furmity.

120 the woman fисled¹ : " nay, blow not," quoth hee,
" for cold enough they bee." She breaks
wind
with that shee puffed againe,
& made him angrye bee :

124 " I tell thee, thou need not to blow them att all,
but supp them vp presentlye." take heed &c.

The woman was windye, & fисled againe three times,
128 within a little space,
which made him to sweare, if shee blew any more,
to fling all in her face. and Panche
swears if she
does it again
he'll fling
the furmity
in her face.
She does it ;

but shee, being fast asleepe,
132 did ffisle without regard. he flings the
furmity at
her ;

then flung he the furmitree in her tayle,
saying, " there is for thy reward ! "
take heede

136 With that the woman suddenly waked,
& clapt her hand behind ; she puts her
hand be-
hind,

" alas ! " quoth shee, " how am I shamed,
being soe full of wind ! "

140 " what ayles thee ? " her husband sayd.
" I haue rayed² the bedd," quoth shee.
" that comes with thy craming, thou egar queane ! and thinks
she has
dirtied the
bed.

144 take heede &c.

But Panche, perceiving how the matter went,
he closly got away,
& into the milkehouse hyed with hast,
148 wheras without delay Panche
steals off
to the dairy,

¹ ? MS. fisted. Fystyn (fyen, W.)
Cacco C. F. *lirido*; Fyyst, stynk, *Lirida*;
Fyystynge, *Liridacio*. Promptorium.—
F. ; ² wrayed.—P. I *be-ray*, I fyle ones
clothes with spottes of myer, properly
about the skyrtes; *Je croite*. Palgrave.
Embrenor, to beray or beshite. Cotgrave.

clears the
milk-basins ;

153 he clensed the Milke Basons all,
tho there were plenty store ;
& like a lout, he groped about,
to see if hee cold find any more.
tak heede &c.

puts his
hand in a
honey-pot,

and it sticks
there.

156 Vpon a narrowe mouthd hony pott
he lighted on at last ;
& when he had thrust his hand therin,
there stucke it wonderous fast.
now hee must breake the same
or he cold gett it out ;
160 & for a fitt place to breake it on,
he seeketh round about.
take heede &c.

Two friars
lie on the
kitchen
door.

Panche
cracks the

pot on one
friar's head ;

he thinks
his com-
panion did
it,

and thrashes
him for it.

The noise

164 Tow silly fryers, on the kitchin flore¹
all night asleepe dyd lye ;
whose shauen crownes, by the Moonelight then,
Sir Panch he did there espye.
to one of them he comes,
168 supposing his pate a stone ;
& there burst the earthen pott,
which made the fryer to grone.
tak heede &c.

172 The silly ffryer, being hurt full sore,
did thinke his fellow had
upon some spite abused him soe ;
therfore, as he were madd,

176 he laid him soundlye on,
& caught him by the eares ;
whose rumbled² waked the folkes in the house,
& fedd³ them full of feares.

180 take heed of hott furmitree !

¹ MS. slore.—F. floor.—P. ² rumbling.—P. ³ fed, perhaps fill'd.—P.

When they came downe, the found the fryers¹ [p. 241] brings all
well buffeting one another ; the people
the one did tell how he was serued
down stairs ;

184 by his religious brother.

but when Sir Panch they spye,
with honnye besmeared soe,
& daubed about with Milke & creame,
188 the knew how all things did goe.

take heede

Panche
is discovered
all over
honey and
cream ;

for well they did see that it was he
that did the old man wronge,

and they see
who the
culprit is,

192 & hee that brake the poore fryers head
as he did lye alonge,
that eat the Milke & creame
& the pott of ffurmitree ;

196 yett, for to be reuenged of him,
they knew noe remedye.

take heede

but don't
know how
to punish
him.

God keepe, I say, such guests away

God keep
such guests
away from
me !

200 both from my meate & mee !
if I had 20 weddings to make,
neuer bidden shold he bee !

& thus I make an end

204 of this my merry Iest,
wishing to euerye honest man
all happinesse & rest.

take heede of hot furmitree !

208 take heed of hot furmitree !
ffins.

Here's the
end of my
merry tale.

¹ the fryers they found.—P.

WHEN AS I DOE RECORD.

[Page 287 of MS.]

Oh the
pleasures
I've had
with lasse!

Oh that
Jenny
were here
again!

WHEN AS I DOE RECORD
the pleasures I haue had
att this side slippery board,
4 my mind¹ is merry & glad.
with many a lusty lasse
my pleasure I haue tane:
I wold giue mine² old white Iade
8 that Iynye were here againe!

Shee brewes & bakes to sell
for such as doe passe by;
good fellowes loue her well;
12 infaith & soe doe I!
ffor euer when I was drye,
of drinke I wold haue tane,
I wold tread both shooes awrye,
16 that Iynye &c.

I've often
played at
traytrippe
with her.

ffull oft shee & I
within the buttery playd
att tray trippe of a dye,
20 & sent away the mayd.
ffor shee is of the dealing trade,
shee will giue you 3 for one;
shee is noe sullen Iade;
24 giff Iynnye &c.

¹ mind in the MS.—F.

² One stroke too few for *in* in the MS.—F.

A man might for a penny
 hane had a pott of ale,
 & tasted of a Caney ¹

28 of either legg or tayle ;
 for shee wold neuer fayle
 if shee were in the vaine.
 alas, all fflesh ² were frayle
 32 giff Lynnye ³ &c.

She would
 never fail
 you.

ffull oft I haue beene her man,
 her markett for to make ;
 & after I haue rydden

36 a Iourney for her sake,
 Her pannell I cold take,
 & gallopp all amaine ;
 Ide make both bedsides cracke
 40 that Lynnye &c.

I've often
 been her
 man.

[page 288]

You hostises that meane
 for to line by *your* trade,

if you scorne to kisse,
 44 then keepe a pretty mayd !
 for drinke is not worth a lowse
 if lasses there be none !
 I wold drinke a whole carrouse
 48 that Lynnye were here againe !

Hostesses !

if you won't
 kiss your-
 selves, keepe a
 pretty maid.

Oh that
 Jenny were
 here again.

ffins.

¹ ? Coney.—F. ² MS. ffresh.—F. ³ An *m* in the MS. for *nn*.—F.

When Scorching Phœbus.¹

[Page 313 of MS.]

WHEN scorching Phœbus he did mount,—
 to-Iaur bonne tannce,²—
 then Lady Venus went to hunt,
 4 *par melio shannce* ;³
 to whom diana⁴ did resort,
 with [a]ll the Ladyes⁵ of hills & valleys,
 of springs & floodes,
 8 to shew where⁶ all the princely sport,
 with hound imbrued, & harts pursued,
 through grounes & woodes.

But Venus This tender harted louers Queene,—
 12 to-iour bonne tannce,—
 such wandring sports had seldome seene,
par melio shance.
 shee tooke noe pleasure in the same,
 16 to see hounds merry, & pore harts werrye
 ffor want of breath.
 she liked
better
love's game. quoth shee, “ I like better *that* game
 where ladyes bewties do pay their dutyes
 20 to loues sweete death.”

She was dry,
and went to
Bacchus They aire was hott, & shee was drye,—
 to-iour bonne tannce ;—
 to Bacchus court shee fast did hye—
 24 *par melio shance*—

¹ The Birth of Priapus. a little loose. Qu.—P. Evidently *parmi les champs*.—
 —P. W. L. B.
² Tous-jours bon temps, or beau temps. ⁴ The old English word for Nymphs.
 Qu.—P. —P.
³ Par meilleur Chance or Champs. ⁵ With all the L.—P. ⁶ her.—P.

her faint & weary hart [to¹] cheirish,
 which was soe fyered, *that shee descriyed*²
 to quench her thirst,
 28 & cryed, “ helpe Bacchus, or else I perish ! ”
 who still did hold her, & plainly told her
 he wold³ kisse her ffirst.

to quench
her thirst.

Then Bacchus with a power divine,—
 32 to-iour bone tance,—
 himselfe turned⁴ to a butt of wine,—
 par melio shance,—
 and bade this Ladye drinke her fill,
 36 & take her pleasure in any measure,
 & make noe waste ;
 & gaue her leauue to sucke the quill,
 which was⁵ spritefull and delightfull
 40 vnto her tast.⁶

He turned
himself

into a butt
of wine,

and bade her

suck the
quill.

Att last this butte did run a tilte—
 to-iour bonne tance.—
 quoth shee, “ one drop shall not be spilt,
 44 par melio shance,
 ffor itt doth pleasing tast soe well,
 my hart doth will me ffor to fill me
 of this sweete Vine ;
 48 I wold that I might alwayes dwell
 in this ffaire Arbor ! heeres soe good harbor,
 & pleasant wine.”

She did,

Shee drunke soe long, ere shee had done,—
 52 to-iour bonne tance,—
 her belly swelled like a tunn,
 par melio shance.

and drank

¹ to.—P.
² descriyed.—P.
³ he'd.—P.

⁴ Turn'd himself.—P.
⁵ Which was so sp.—P.
⁶ taste.—P.

till she
came to
pieces,
and pro-
duced God
Priapus,

56 Att last shee ffell in peeces twaine ;
& being assunder, appeard a wonder,
God pryapus !
yett ffaine shee wold haue drunke againe ;
& oft did visit, & much solicite
60 God Diacchus.

who she

prophecied
would be
the delight
of wife and
maid,

His emptye caske wold yeeld noe more,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
ffor shee had sucked itt ffull sore,
64 par melio shance.
quoth she¹ “ god Bacchus, change thy shape ;
ffor now thy rigour, & all thy vigour,
Is cleane decayd.

[page 314]

68 behold [thou] here this new borne babe,
who when he is proued, heele² be beloued
of wiffe & maide.”

(and be
called
Bacchus's
heir,)

72 This bellye god that wold be drunke—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
and being a goddesse, proued a punke,³
par melyo shance,
her lusty bastarde stiffe & stronge,
76 was made & framed, & alsoe named,
god Bacchus heyre.
he had a nose 3 handfull Long,
with one eye bleared, & all besmeard
80 about with hayre.

the god of
rich and
poor,

He is the god of rich & poore—
to-iour bonne tannce ;—
he openeth euery womans doore,
84 par melio shance ;

¹ MS. the.—F. Quoth she, God.—P. ² Thus of a Goddess made a punk.—P.
³ will.—P.

he ceaseth all debate & strife,
& gently peaseseth,¹ & sweetly pleaseth
the hungry wombe.

the stiller
of strife,

88 he is the ioy twixt man & wiffe ;
her pleasure lasteth, & sweeter tasteth
then hony combe.

wives' joy.

Now all you nice & dainty dames,—
92 to iour bonne tannce,—
to vse this god, thinke itt no ² shame,
par melio shance.

My dainty
dames,

96 then let my speeches not offend,
tho you be gaudye, & I be baudye
& want a rodd !
good deeds shall speeches ffault amend
when you are willing ffor to be billing
100 with this sweet god.

don't be
offended
with me !

ffins.

¹ he feuds appeaseth. Qu.—P.

² you think no.—P.

In a May morninge.

[Page 383 of MS.]

I wished a
babe in a
nurse's arms
was mine,

IN a may morning I mett a sweet nursse
with a babe in her armes, sweetly cold busse.
I wold to god itt were mine ! I shold be glad ont !

4 ffor it was a merry mumping thing, who ere was dad
ont.

and asked
her who was
the father
of it.

I saluted her kindlye, & to her I sayd,
“ god morrow, sweet honye, and you be a mayd ;
or if you wold shew to me, I shold be glad ont ;
8 or if you wold tell me who is the right dad ont.”

She didn't
know.

I offered to
father it.

“ The dad of my child, Sir, I doe not well know,
ffor all *that* lay with mee refuseth me now
from one to the other ; still I wold be rid ont.”

12 “ but whosoever gott the Child, Ile be the dad ont.”

“ Ile take itt in mine armes, & wislye Ile worke,
Ile lay itt in the hye way as men come from kirke,
& enerye one *that* comes by shall hau a glegg¹ ont,
16 vntill I hau ffound out a man, the right dad ont.”

A Scotch-
man also

offered to be
the child's
dad.

There came a kind Scot[c]hman whose name is not
knowne,
sayes hee to this sweet hart, “ this babye is mine
owne ;
come bind it vpon my backe ; Ione shall be rid ont ;
20 for whosoever gott the child, Ile be the dad ont.”

¹ A glance, a sly look—a word still used in Northamptonshire.—P.

“Now, nay! now, nay!” shee sayes, “sce itt may
not bee! The girl
refused
him: he
never got it.

your looke & his countenance doe not agree;
for had hee beeene sike a swayne, I had neere been
great ont;

24 for hee was a blythe young man *that was the right*
dad ont.

“his lippes like the rubye, his cheekes like the rose,
he tempteth all ffayre mayds where-euer he goes: A ruby-
lipped young
man was the
true father,

first he did salute mee; then was I right glad ont;

28 O hee was a blythe younge man *that was the right*
dad ont.

“Ile trauell through England & Scotland see wyde,
& a-ffoote I will ffollow him to be his bryde; and she'd
tramp over
England and
Scotland

Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ryd ont

32 vntill I haue found out the man *thats the right* to find him
and marry
him.
dad ont.

“Ile husse¹ itt, Ile busse itt, Ile lapp itt in say²;

Ile rocke itt, Ile lull itt, by night & by day;

Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ridde ont

36 vntill I haue found out the man *thats the right*
dad ont.

“And thus to conclude, thoe itt ffall to my Lott

to ffind a dad ffor my barne³ *that I cannott*;

if an englishman gett a child, & wold be ridd ont,

40 let him bring it to Scot[c]hman, & heele be the dad
ont.” But if she
couldn't
find him,
why then
she'd fall
back on the
Soothchman.

¹ hush.—F.

² silk.—F.

³ bairn, child.—P.

The Turk in Linen.

[Page 383 of MS.]

THIS is the eleventh song in Thomas Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1st ed. 1608. It was printed by Mr. Fairholt from the fifth edition, 1638, in his *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, for the Percy Society, 1849, p. 141-2, but he modernised the spelling. "English Mutability in Dress" is the title that Mr. Fairholt gives the song, and he prints the first stanza of it, which our copy in the Folio omits. This stanza in the earliest and titleless copy of the play in the British Museum—which I suppose to be the edition of 1608, and the readings of which in the notes below are signed B.M.—runs thus :

*The Spaniard loues his ancient slop,
The Lumbard, his Venetian,¹
And some, like breech-lesse women goe :
The Russe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian ;
The threysly² Frenchman weares small wast,
The Dutch his belly boasteth ;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.*

In illustration of this Mr. Fairholt aptly quotes the well-known passages from Andrew Borde and Coryat about the Englishman's changeableness in dress. The latter says, "We weare more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun, the French only excepted [see l. 6 of our poem]; which hath

¹ A kind of hose or breeches described by Stubbes. See the word in *Nares*.—F.

² thrifte.—Fairholt. The fourth and

fifth editions both read *threysly*. ? from A.-S. *þræs*, a hem, fringe—Somner. Or *þreahs*, rottenness—Lye.—F.

given occasion to the Venetian, and other Italians, to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked, with a pair of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vain conception of his brainsick head, not to comeliness and decorum."

Possibly this copy in the Folio is from one of those of which Heywood complains in his *To the Reader* :—

".. some of my plaies haue (vnknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (coppied only by the eare) that I haue bin as vnable to know them as a-shamed to chalenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his natvie habit: first being by consent, next because the rest haue been so wronged in being publisht in such sauadge and ragged garments: accept it courteous Gentlemen, and prooue as fauorable Readers as we haue found you gratious Auditors.

Yours T. H."

THE : turke in Linen ¹	wraps his head,	Above all other felts,
the persian his in ² lawne tooe,		
the rushe ³ with sables ffurres his cappe,		Russian,
4 & change will not be drawen tooe.		
the Spaynyards constant to his blocke,		Spanish,
the ffrench inconstant euer ;		French,
but of all ffelts ⁴ that may be ffelt,		give me the English beaver!
8 giue me the English beuer. ⁵		

¹ Linem in the MS.—F.

² MS. in his ;—his in, B.M.—F.

³ Russe.—B.M.

⁴ Fealts.—B.M.

⁵ Fairholt says that beaver hats appear to have been first imported from Flanders. *Cost. in England*, p. 490. Stubbes, 1583, that they "were fetched from beyond the seas, from whence a great sort of other vanities do come besides." In a satiric ballad on the knights of £40 per annum made by James I. (in *Wit and Wisdom*, Shaksp. Soc. 1846, p. 146-7) the shepherds are jestingly told to

Cast of for ever your twoe shillings *
bonnets,

Cover your coxcombs with three-pound
beavers.—*ib.* p. 498.

"Beaver hats were expensive articles of dress, as already noted. Dugdale, in his *Diary* (under April 13, 1661), notes: 'Payd for a bever hatte, £4 10s.'; the fashion of it may be seen in Hollar's print of that distinguished antiquary. Pepys records (under June 27 in the same year):—'This day Mr. Holden sent me a bever, which cost me £4 5s.'”—*ib.* p. 503.

* Mr. Hunter's copy reads *tenpenny*.—Halliwell.

The German loues his connye well,¹
 the Irishman his shagg tooe²;
 the welch his Monmouth³ loues to weare,

12 & of the same will bragg tooe.
 some loue the rough, & some the smooth,
 some great, & other small thinge⁴;
 but oh, your English Licorish man,⁵
 16 he loues to deale in all thinges !

The Rush drinkes Quash⁶; Duche, lubickes beere,⁷
 & that is strong⁸ and mightye;

the Brittaine, he Metheglin Quaffes,
 20 the Irish, Aqua vitæ⁹;
 the ffrench affects his orleance¹⁰ grape,
 the spanyard tasts his sherrye ;
 the English none of these escapes,¹¹
 24 but with them¹² all makes merrye.

With all
 drinks too
 he makes
 merry ;

¹ conny-wool.—B.M. In another poem in the same volume, at p. 162, we read—

Here is an English *conny furr* !

Rushis hath no such stiffe,
 Which, for to keep your fingers warme,
 Excels your sable maffe.

The Burse of Reformation.
 ? For the double entendre of the black beaver, compare l. 32 of *Off alle the seases* below.—F.

² Shagge-too.—B.M.

³ Mummouth.—B.M. A cut of the Monmouth cap is given on p. 502 of Fairholt's *Costume. in England*, 1860, and on p. 115 of the Percy Society's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, and it is mentioned twice in the "Ballad of the Caps," which Mr. Fairholt places at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and which is found in *Sportive Wit*, 1656; D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719-20, &c. The Monmouth-cap, the saylors thrum The souldiers that the *Monmouth* wear.

From Cleveland's *Square-Cap for me*, the cap seems to have been made of plush—
 And first, for the plush-sake, the *Monmouth-cap* comes.

(*Sat. Songs*, 134.)
 It was worn by sailors, as Mr. Fairholt

shows by quoting *A Satyre on Sea Officers*, by Sir H. S. published with the Duke of Buckingham's Miscellanies (*Costume*, p. 533).

⁴ A second *g* appears to be crossed out in the MS.—F.

⁵ your lecherish Englishman.—B.M.

⁶ quaffes, B.M.; quaffes, 4th ed. 1630; quasses, 5th ed. 1638. "Quasse, mentioned as a humble kind of liquor, used by rustics.

As meade obarne, and meade cherunk,
 And the base *quasse* by peasants drunk."

Pimlico, or Runne Red-Cap, 1609, in

Nares.—F.

⁷ Lubeck. The beer of Lubeck was celebrated, and appears to have been very strong.

I think you're drunk
 With *Lubeck beer* or *Brunswick mum*.

Albertus Wallenstein, 1639. Modern editors of Nares.—F.

⁸ stromg in the MS.—F.

⁹ " *Aqua Vitæ*, (i.e. Water of Life), a sort of Cordial Water made of brewd Beer strongly hopp'd and well ferment-ed." Phillips.

¹⁰ the *Orleane*.—B.M.

¹¹ can scape.—B.M.

¹² But he with.—B.M.

The Italian, in her hye shapines,¹
 Scot[c]h lasse, & louely ffroe² tooe;
 the Spanish don-a,³ ffrench Madam,⁴
 28 he will not feare to goe too :
 nothing soe ffull of hazards⁵ dread,⁴
 nought lies aboue the center,
 noe health, noe ffashyon, wine, nor wench,
 32 your English dare not venter.”⁶

and there's
 no woman
 that he
 daren't try.

ffins.

¹ Chapeene.—B.M. Choppines.—P.
 “A high sooled Shoe, v. *Chapin*. Sp.
Chapín de mugr, a woman's shooes,
 such as they vse in Spaine, mules, or
 high cork shooes.” *Percivale*, by *Minshew*.
 Chopines, says Mr. Fairholt, were shooes
 elevated “as high as a man's leg.”
Raymond's Voyage through Italy, 1648.
 They are mentioned by Shakspere
 (*Hamlet*, act ii. scene 2), and were
 occasionally worn in England, but not of
 so great an altitude. See *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspere*.—F.

² Froo-too.—B.M. frow.—P.
³ Bonna, B.M. Bonna, 4th edition.
 Donna, 5th ed.—F.

⁴ ? Referring to “*Lues Venerea, or Morbus Gallicus*, the French Pox, a malignant and infectious Distemper.” Phillips.—F.

⁵ hazard.—B.M.
⁶ No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor
 Wench,
 On which hee dare not venter.—
 B.M.

Come wanton wenches.

AN old courtezan's advice to younger ones to grant their favours coyly; not to be forward, except at first, and so whet their hirers' desire.

[Page 404 of MS.]

Wenches,

I'll tell you
how to
manage.

Husband
your ware.

Be freer of
speech than
act.

Conceal your
passion;

spare your
favours
when men
are eager.

COME: all you wanton wenches

that longs to be in tradinge,

come learne of me, loues Mistris,

4 to keepe your selues ffrom Iadeinge !

when you expose your ffaces,

all baytes ffor to entrapp men,

then hause a care to husband your ware,

8 that you proue not bankrout chapmen.

be not att ffirst to nice nor coye

when gamsters you are courtinge,

nor fforward to be sportinge ;

12 in speeches ffree, not in action bee,

for feare of lesse resortinge.

Let not your outward iesture

b[e]rawy your inward passyon ;

16 but seeme to neglect, when most you doe affect,
in a cunning scornefull fflashyon.

be sparing of your ffavors

when mens loue grow most Eagare ;

20 yett keepe good guard, or else all is mared.
when they your ffort beleaugar ;
grant but a touch or a kisse ffor a tast,

& seeme not to bee willinge
 24 ¹ allwayes ffor to be billinge.
 with a tuch or a pinch, or a nipp or a wrenche,
 disapont their hopes ffullfillinge.

If once you growe to lauish,
 28 and all your wealth discouer,
 you cast of hope ; for then with too much scope
 you doe dull your Egar louer.
 then order soe your treasure,

32 & soe dispend your store,
 that tho men do tast, their loues may neuer wast,
 but they still may hope for more.
 & if by chance, beinge wrapt in a trance,

36 you yeeld them full ffruityon
 won by strong opposityon,
 yett nipp & teare, & with poutinge sweare
 'twas against your dispositoryon.

40 Thus seeminge much displeased
 with *that*² did most content,
 you whett desire, & daylye add fire
 to a spiritt almost spent.

44 be sure att the next encounter
 you put your loue to striue ;
 yett be not rude, if need he will intrude,
 soe shall your trading thrue,

48 soe shall you still be ffreshlye woed,
 like to a perfect mayd.
 & doe as I haue sayd,
 your ffaininge seemes true,

52 & like venus euer new,
 and your trading is not betrayd.
 ffinis.

¹ A note of Percy's here, of five lines,
 rubbed or scratched out.—F.

² that which, what.—F.

Don't be
 always bill-
 ing.

Let men
 taste and

hope for
 more.

If you yield,

struggle and
 say you
 didn't mean
 it,

and next
 time, make
 more fuss
 over it :
 but don't be
 too rude.

Thus you'll
 always be
 woed like a
 maiden.

As it befell on a Day:

[Page 448 of MS.]

One sum-
mer's dayAS : itt befell on a sumers day,
when Phebus in his glorye,
he was suited in his best array,—4 as heere records my storie,—
2 London damsells fforth they wold ryde,
they were decked in their pompe & their prude,
they said they wold goe ffarr & wyde
8 but they wold goe gather Codlyngs.two London
damsels
went out togather cod-
lings.They were
very beauti-
ful

and sweet;

but their
one fault
was these
codlings.The young
one wants
to go into
an orchard,
but the
elder doubts
whether
she'll get
any codlings
there.12 Sisters they were, exceeding fine,
& macheless in their bewtye ;
happy was the wight cold gine them wine
to expresse his loue and dutye.
soe fine, so feate, so sweet, so neate, so delicate ;
O, itt wold doe you good ffor to heare them prate !
but yett intruth they haue a ffault,
16 to fill their belly ffull of Codlings.Then to an orchard straight they went,
intending ffor to enter.
the younger with a bold attempt
20 first did intend to enter :
“ nay, softly ! ” quoth the Elder wench,
“ I pray thee lett vs goe ffrom hence ;
ffor heare I am in some suspence
24 that heare I shall not gett no Codlings.”

" Art thou soe ffond ? canst thou not see [page 444] " Can't you
 what good Lucke doth abode vs ? see a

yonder lyes a youngman vnder a tree

young man
 there who'll
 lead us ? "

28 that with his ffuite can loade vs.

then to the Orchard straight wee will stray ;
 weelee devise with him to sport & to play ;
 & then Ile warrant you without delay

32 heele fill our belly ffull of codlings."

Then shee did leape ouer the ditch
 as light as any ffether ;
 her sister after her did Leape,

The young
 one then
 leape the
 ditch,
 the elder
 follows,

36 now begins to feare no whether.

with a merry hart & a ioyfull cheere,
 setting aside all care & feare,
 seeing her sister scape soe cleere,

40 shee wold not Loose her share o CODLINGS ;

Then shee did leape ouer the dich
 as light as any arrow ;
 & in her leape, " ah ! ah ! " shee cryes,

cries Ah,

44 ffeeling her smocke was narrowe,
 as maydens doe *that* newly wedd
 being taken ffroom her true louers bedd ;
 & with a sigh her mayden-head

48 were worne away with eating CODLINGS.

and gets her
 codlings.

Her sister, on the Other side where shee attended,
 bidd her haue a care, her smocke was too wyde.
 with what shee was offended ;

52 with *that* a nettle stonge her by the knee ;
 " a pox of all strait smockes ! " quoth shee.
 seeing itt wold no better bee,

Then the
 young one
 lies down

shee Layd her downe to gether CODLINGS.

and gets
 hers too.
 ffinis.

Blame : not a woman.

[Page 446 of MS.]

Don't blame
women

for using
their own,
but praise
them
when they
are good.

Men now,
out of their
idle brain,
abuse
women ;

but if they
were all
virgins, men
would be
badly off.

Why then
should we
blame them? 20

BLAME : not a woman although shee bee Lewd,
& that her ffaults they haue been knowne.
although shee doe offend, yett in time shee may
amend;

4 then blame her not ffor vsing of her owne,
But rather gine them praise, as they deserue,
when vice is banisht quite, & virtue in them growne,
ffor that's their only treasure, & ffor to fly vaine
pleasure.

8 then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

There is many now a dayes that women will dispraise:
out of a dru[n]ken humor when as their witts are
fflowne,

out of an Idle braine, with speeches Lewd¹ & vaine
12 theile blame them still ffor vsinge of her owne.

But if woman shold not trade, how shold the world
increase?

if women all were nise, what seede shold then be
sowne?

if women all were coy, they wold breed mens annoye;
then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

If any take offence att this my songe,
I thinke that no good maners he hath knowne.
wee all ffir from women came: why shold wee women
blame,

& ffor a litle vsing of their owne ?

ffinis.

¹ MS. has a tag like *s* to the *d*.—F.

Off: alle the seares.

[Page 455 of MS.]

OFF: all the seas *thats* cominge,
of all the woods *thats* risinge,
of all the ffishes in the sea,
4 give me a womans swiuinge. Before all
fish

ffor shee hath pretty ffancyes
to passe away the night ;
& shee hath pretty pleasures
8 to coniure downe a spritt. give me a
woman !

My ffather gaue me Land,
my mother gaue me mony,
& I haue spent itt euery whitt
12 in hunting of a Coney. I've spent
all my
money on
one,

I hunted vp a hill,
a Coney did espye ;
my fferrett seeing *that*,
16 into her hole did hye ; chasing her

my fferrett seeing *that*,
into her hole did runn ;
but when he came into her hole,
20 noe Coney cold be ffound.

I put itt in againe ;
itt ffound her out att Last ;
the Coney then betwixt her leggs
24 did hold my fferrett ffast, till I ran
her to
ground.

Till that itt was soe weake,
alacke, itt cold not stand !
my fierrett then out of her hole
28 did come vnto my hand.

Choose dark ones;

All you that be good ffellowes,
gine hearing vnto me ;
& if you wold a Coney hunt,
32 a blacke one lett itt bee ;

they're the
best.

ffor blacke ones are they best,
their Sckins will yeeld most money.
I wold to god *that* hee were hanged
36 *that* does not loue a Coney ! ffinis.

Louers hea[r]ke alarum.

[Page 459 of MS.]

LOUERS: harke! an alarum is sounding: now loue Lovers,
 cryes;
who-soe feares, or in ffaintnesse abounding,¹ will
 surprise.

O then, on ! charge them home ! if you delay your charge your
time. girls home ;

If they striue, itts a tricke ffor a triuell who is most bold.

8 No braue man ffor a silly denyall will grow cold ;
None but ffooles flinch ffor noe when ² a I by nois ³
ment

in louing scance ;
On then, & charge them home ! perchance you may ^{charge} home !
soe put them

12 ffrom their ffence.

Downe, Downe with them ! o, how thé tremble for the Down with
crve ! them !

what, for feare? no! no! no! they dissemble;
they know why.

¹ Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.
² ? MS. whama.—F.

* ? vois. I can make no sense of it.—F.

Only half the α in
MS. whema — F

There's a tag at the end like an &—F.

[page 460]

16

They'll fight
again.Quickly woone, Quickly lost, the delight of life is lost,
procured with paines.These respects makes them bold to fight, to Cry, to
dye,
to liue againe. ffinis.

A freinde of mine.

[Page 459 of MS.]

A : freind of mine not long agoe
 desired att my hands
 some pretty toy to moue delight
 4 to those *that* hearers stand.
 the which I meane to gratiffye
 by all the meanes I may,
 & moue delight in euery wight
 8 *that* with affection stay.

A friend has
 asked me
 for a story

to delight all
 hearers.

I'll tell you
 one

Some thought to proue wherin I shold
 these seuerall humors please,
 the which to doe, reason fforbidds,
 12 lest I shold some displease;
 but sith my muse doth pleasure Chuse,
 & theron benda her skill,
 wherby I may drine time away,
 16 & sorrowes quite beguile.

that will
 drive away
 all sorrow.

It was my Chance, not long agoe,
 by a pleasant wood to walke,
 wheere I vnseene of any one
 20 did heare tow louers talke;
 & as these louers forth did passe,
 hard by a pleasant shade,
 hard by a mighty Pine tree there,
 24 their resting place they made.

I walked in
 a wood

and saw two
 lovers

rest under
 a pine.

The man
said the
place was
made only
for lovers to
embrace,

and took
his girl by
the middle.

She caught
hold of him,

for she was
a merry lass.

He delayed,

so she
offered to
arrange
herself

"Insooth," then did this youngman say,
"I thinke this ffragrant place
was only made for louers true
28 eche others to inbrace."

hee tooke her by the middle small,—
good sooth I doe not mocke,—
not meaning to doe any thing
32 but to pull vpp her : smo :¹ blocke
wheron shee sate, poore silly soule,
to rest her weary bones.
this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,
36 but shee caught him ffast by the : stones :
thumbe;

wheratt he vext & greined was,
soe that his fflesh did wrinkle ;
this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,
40 but caught him fast hold by the : pintle :
pimple
which hee had on his chin likwise ;— [page 460]
but lett the pimple passe ;—
there is no man heare but he may supposse
44 shee weere a merry lasse.
he boldly ventured, being tall,
yet in his speech bu[t] blunt,
hee neuer ceast, but tooke vpp all,
48 & cacht her by the Cun : plumpe.

And red rose lipps he kisst full sweete :
quoth shee, " I craue no sucour."
which made him to haue a mighty mind
52 to clipp, kisse, & to : ffuck : plucke her
into his armes. " nay! soft ! " quoth shee,
" what needeth all this doing ?
for if you wilbe ruled by me,
56 you shall vse small time in wooinge.

¹ These and the similar colons following are those of the MS.—F.

"ffor I will lay me downe," quoth shee,

"vpon the slippery seggs,

& all my clothes Ile trusse vp round,

60 & spread abroad my : leggs : eggs,

which I haue in my aperne heare

vnder my girdle tuckt;

soe shall I be most ffine & braue,

64 most ready to be : fuct : ducket

and get
ready.

"vnto some pleasant springing well;

ffor now its time of the yeere

to decke, & bath, & trim ourselues

68 both head, hands, ffeet & geere."

ffinis.

⊕ nap : ⊕ nap : not : yett.

[Page 460 of MS.]

A young
manmet a
maiden,and offered
her 40
crownes
to enjoy her.She said,
"Not yet."Gold is dross
to my
virginity."

A: yong man walking alone,
abroad to take the ayre,
itt was his chance ffor him to meeete
4 a maiden pasing ffaire.
desiring her of curteisiye
awhile with him downe sitt ;
shee answered him most modestlye,
8 " O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

" Forty crownes I will give thee,
sweete hart, in good red gold,
if that I may thy ffavour haue,
12 thy bewtye to behold."
& then she spoke now readilye
& with a ready witt,
" I will not sell my honestye !
16 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !

" Gold & mony is but drosse,
& worldly vanitty¹ ;
I doe esteeme more of the losse
20 of my virginity !
but dost thou thinke I am soe madd,
or of soe little witt
as ffor to sell my honestye ?
24 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

¹ vanity.—P.

They way to win a womans hart,
is quicklye to be breiffe,
& gine her *that* with-in ffew words

28 *that* will soone ease her greiffe.
"O ffye ! O ffye ! away ! " sheele crye,
that loues a dainty bitt,
"I will not yeelde to Cupids lawes !

32 O nay ! O nay ! not yett ! "

But if you'd
win a
woman, be
quick,

and don't
mind her
refusal.

ffinis.

I Cannott Bee Contented.

[Page 460 of MS.]

I can't give
up my love,

and wish I
could find
her.

I'd give her
some nectar.

Some tell me
I shall be
burnt if I
touch her.

But I'm not
afraid of
that.

I: Cannot be contented
ffrom loue to be absented.
although I were presented,¹

4 Ile haue another bout;
I know shee is vnwilling
to heare of all the skillinge²;
shee rather had bee killing,³
8 if I I could ffind her out.

but if *that* time & lesure serue, [page 461]
infaith shee shall not neede to sterue;
ffor well I know shee doth deserue

12 to tast vpon sweet Nectair,
the ffoode wheron the gods do ffeede,
& all they gods they haue decreede.
but shee shall haue itt att her neede !

16 hey hoe ! my harte is wearye !

Some say, 'if I come nye her,
my liffe must pay the hyer ;'
but if I scape ffrom ffyer,

20 then let them doe their worst;
for water, I am sure,
while grinding doth endure,
will come like hawke to lure,

24 or else the Miller is curst.

¹ To present, to bring an Information against. Phillips.—F.

² ? Reasoning.—F.

³ Lill.(1) To pant; to loll out the tongue. Wills. "I lylle out the tonge as a

beest dothe that is chafed [heated]." Palsgrave. "To pant and be out of breath, or *kill* out the tongue, as a dog that is weary." Florio, p. 15; in Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

looke in the dam, & you may spye
heere is soe much *that* some runs by ;
there neuer came a yeere soe drye
28 cold keepe this Mill ffrom grindinge.
yett shee no common Miller is ;
shee does not grind eche plowmans gris¹ ;
she needs not, vnless shee list,
32 but ffor sweet recreation.

Her mill has
plenty of
water.

ffinis.

¹ Grist, Corn ground, or fit for grinding ; Meal, Flower. Phillips.—F.

Lillumwham.

[Page 461 of MS.]

WITH this poem may be compared another “Burlesque Receipt” for the same purpose in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, i. 250, “A good medesyn, yff a mayd have lost her madened, to make her a mayd ageyn,” which is taken, says Mr. Halliwell, “from a copy of Caxton’s *Mirror of the World, or th’ ymage of the same*, fol. Lond. 1481, in the King’s Library in the British Museum, fol. ult. v°., written by some owner of the book in the year 1520.”

A maid
went to the
well to wash,

THE: maid, shee went to the well to washe,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham !

the mayd shee went to the well to washe,
4 whatt then ? what then ?

the maid shee went to the well to washe ;
dew ffell of her lilly white fleshe ;

Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye !

8 Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir !
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye !

and as she
washed
her clothes,

White¹ shee washee, & white¹ shee ronge,
Lillumwham &c :

12 white¹ shee hangd o the hazle wand,
Grandam boy, heye &c.

¹ Is this *white* for *white*? There is no loop to the letter, and that makes the difference between the *l* and *t* in this

MS. The *white* of line 6, and of lines 10 and 12, is exactly the same.—F.

There came an old Palmer by the way,
Lillumwham &c.
16 sais, "god speed thee well thou faire maid!"
Grandam boy, hey &c.

"Hast either Cupp or can—
Lillumwham &c.—
20 to gine an old palmer drinke therin?"
Grandam boy, heye &c.

sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
Lillumwham &c.—
24 to give an old Palmer drinke therin."
Grandam boy, heye &c.

"But an thy Lemman came from Roome,
Lillumwham &c.,
28 Cupps & cannis thou wold ffind soone."
Grandam boy, heye &c.

Shee sware by god & good St. Iohn,
Lillumwham &c.
32 Lemman had shee neuer none ;
Grandam boy, heye &c.

Saies, "peace, ffaire mayd! you are fforsworne!
Lillumwham &c.
36 Nine Children you haue borne;
Grandam boy, heye &c.—

"They ¹ were buryed vnder thy beds head;—
Lillumwham &c.:—
40 other three vnder thy brewing leade²;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

a palmer
asked her

for a cup

to drink out
of.

She said
she hadn't
one.

"If your
lover
came you'd
soon find
some."

"I never
had a lover."

"That's a
story!"

You've had
9 children,

and mur-
dered them
all!"

¹ Three.—P.

² Lead, a vat for dyeing, &c., *Northern*
a kitchen copper is sometimes so called.

Halliwell's Gloss. "A forneys of a *lead*."
Chaucer, Cant. T. Prol. l. 202.—F.

Other three on won play greene,
Lillumwham &c.

[page 462]

44 Count, maids, & there be 9."
Grandam boy, hey &c.

" Well, I
hope you're
Christ,

" But I hope you are the good old man—
Lillumwham &c.—

48 That all the world beleuees vpon ;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

" Old Palmer, I pray thee,—
Lillumwham &c.—

and will set
me pena-
nce."

52 Pennaunce *that thou wilt give to me.*"
Grandam boy, hey &c.

" I will :

" Penance I can give thee none,—
Lillumwham &c.—

be 7 years a
stepping
stone,

56 but 7 yeere to be a stepping stone ;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

7 a clapper
in a bell,

" Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—
Lillumwham &c.—

for 7 lead an
ape in hell.

60 Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.¹
Grandam boy, hey &c.

And when

" When thou hast thy penance done,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham,

your
penance
is done,

64 when thou hast thy penance done,
whatt then ? what then ?
when thou hast thy penance done,
then thoust come a mayden home."

you'll come
home a
maid."

68 Grandam boy, Grandam boy, hey !
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, met, mer, whoop, whirr !
driuance, Larumben, Grandam boy, heye !

ffinis.

¹ See Mr. Dyce's note in the *Ballads and Romances* of the Folio, ii. 46.—F.

The sea Crabb.

[Page 462 of MS.]

A CORRESPONDENT says, "This was a very common old story, and I think it occurs in one of the early fabliaux, but the only reference I can think of at present is the celebrated *Moyen de Parvenir*, by Béroalle de Verville, where it is introduced in Chapter 49."

1 ITT: was a man of Africa had a ffaire wiffe,
ffairst that euer I saw the dayes of my liffe :
with a ginge, boyes, ginge ! ginge, boyes, ginge !
4 tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging !

A wife who
was

This goodwiffe was bigbellyed, & with a lad,
& euer shee longed ffor a sea crabbe.
ginge &c.

pregnant
wanted a
crab.

8 The goodman rise in the morning, & put on his hose,
he went to the sea syde, & ffollowed his nose.
ginge &c.

Her good-
man

Sais, " god speed, ffisherman,¹ sayling on the sea,
12 hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell mee ?"
ginge &c.

" I haue Crabbs in my bote, one, tow, or three;
I haue Crabbs in my bote for to sell thee."
16 ging &c.

bought one

¹ MS. ffishernan.—F.

I Dreamed my Loue.

[Page 480 of MS.]

I dreamt
that I saw
my love in
bed;

I dreamed my loue lay in her bedd :
itt was my Chance to take her :
her leggs & armes abroad were spredd ;
4 shee slept ; I durst not awake her.
O pitty itt were, *that* one soe faire
shold Crowne her loue with willowe¹ ;
the tresses of her golden haire² ;
8 did kisse he[r] louely pillowe.

that her
belly was a
hill

Methought her belly was a hill
much like a mount of pleasure,
vnder whose height there growes a well ;
12 the depth no man Can measure.
about the ple[s]ant mountaines topp
there growes a louely thickett,
wherin 2 beagles trambled,
16 & raised a liuely prickett.³

where my
two beagles

hunted,

They hunted there with pleasant noyce
about the pleasant mountaine,
till hee by heat was fforct to fly,
20 & skipp into the fountaine.

¹ "The following 'To the Willow-Tree,' is in Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 120 :—

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maidis distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd.

When with neglect (the lover's bane)
Poor maidis rewarded be,

For their love lost, their onely gaine
Is but a wreathe from thee."

Brand's Pop. Antq. i. 72, ed. 1861.—F.

² The MS. has two strokes for the *i*, but only one dotted.—F.

³ Pryket, beast (prik, S.) *Capriolus*.
Promptorium. Pricket, the buck in his
second year. Halliwell.—F.

they beagles ffollowed to the brink,
 & there att him they barked ;
 he plunged about, but wold not shrinke ;
 24 his Coming fforth they wayted.

and barked.

Then fforth he Came as one halfe lame,
 weere weary, faint, & tyred ;
 & layd him downe betwixt her leggs,
 28 as helpe he had required.
 the beagles being refresht againe,
 my Loue ffrom sleepe bereued ;
 shee dreamed shee had me in her armes,
 32 & shee was not deceiued.

She woke,
 and found me
 in her arms.

ffinis.

Panders come away.

[Page 486 of MS.]

Panders,
bring your
whores to

Cupid's
muster.

He'll cashier
all that can't
be war-
ranted.

Prostitutes
discussed :
1. Nan
Wright.

2. Little
Ales
(with Tom
Todd).

3. Garden.

PANDERS, come away!
bring fforth your whores by Clusters
alongst the Lane, by Gray,¹
4 wheere Cupid keepes his musters
now to-day !

²whenches, doe you heare ? I tell you not a ffable ;
all you that doe appeare, & be not warrantable,
8 heele Casheere !

As for Nan: wright, though her dealings may com-
pare h[er ;]
yett, for her parts below, theres not a woman ffairer
to the showe.

12 Little Ales is found 7 yeeres to haue been a trader ;
yett Tom Todd wilbe bound, whom as they say did
spade h[er,]
that shees sound.

16 Gardens neere the worss, though shee hath made her
Co[ney]
as common as the Bursse ; yett still shee hath they
money
in her pursse.

¹ ? MS. Pray.—F.

² The MS. has 4 lines in 2 henceforth.—F.

Boulton is put by, & Luce, among the infected ;
 & franke Todd goeth a-wry, being before¹ detected
 20 to be drye.

4. Boulton.
 5. Luce
 (with Frank Todd).

Pitts is to forbear the trade, & soe is likwise⁶ Pitts.
 7. Pearint.
 Pearnit² ;
 for Cupid in his eare, is told *that* they haue had itt
 to a haire.

True itt is *that* Babe for yeeres may be a virgin ;
 8. Babe.
 24 yett Cupid ffinds the drabb, al ready³ for a surgyon
 for the scabb.

Southewells ! beare in mind, althoug they are ffalſe⁹ South-
 doers,
 they say *that* you are blind, & soe perhappes more
 ffauors

28 you doe ffind.

winlowe is to young, to know the ffruits of wooinge¹⁰ Winlowe
 till nott haue made her strong, to know the ffruits⁴ as
 doe[i]nge]
 to to Longe.

32 Gallants, come not neare to braue VENETIA stanley⁵ !
 11. Venetia
 her Lord hath placed her there, *that* will maintaine
 her ma[nly]
 without feare.

Hayseys, stoupe soe long, to Cupid for aquittance,
 12. Hayseys.
 36 till euidence soe strong, will speake for your indit-
 men[t.]

¹ MS. be before.—F.

Stanley, was the Wife of Sir Kenelm

² ? Pearint.—F.

Digby: Her reputation was not very

³ MS. already.—F.

clear, as appears from Mr. Walpole's

⁴ MS. ffruits.—F.

Aneccotes of Painting.—P.

⁵ Venetia, Daughter of Sir Edw^d.

[page 487]
13. . . .

1 ce & Iames, Cupid will haue you
armed ;
for with his hottest ffames he hath them soundlye²
warmed ;
marke their names !

14. Nan
James
(with her
barber's
boy).

40 Nan: Iames is growne soe Coy, that no man can
endure her ;
yett I haue heard some say, a barbers boy did cure her
of a toye.

15. Besse
Broughton.

But with the wicked sire, that yett was neuer thought
on,
44 by quenching of loues ffire, hath tane away Besse
BROUGHTON
one desire.

16. Jane
Selbe.

48 Its³ ill that simix rydes, Lane selbe doth oppresse her ;
with other more besides, vnlesse there were a dresser
of their hyds.

17. Beun-
karda.

Beunkards,⁴ how yee speed, tis shrewdly to be feareed ;
yee cannott aske to reade, soe oft you haue beeene
seared
ffor the deede.

18. Foulgam
(with her
holy father)

52 ffoulgam will appeale, from Cupid, as men gather,
for in her wandring taile, hath beeene her holy father ;
hees her bayle.

19. Dodson.

56 Dodson is not ill, yeett hath shee beeene a deale-her ;
the falt was in his skill, who knew not how to appease
her
with his quill.

¹ Part of the line has been cut away
from the MS. by the binder.—F.

² One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

³ ? MS. Itt.—F.

⁴ ? MS.: the e is oddly made ; it may
be *Birmkarde*, the i not dotted.—F.

her husband saies shee[s] nougnt, I thinke an honest
woman

by Lewdnesse may be brought, to be like others,
common,

60 being sought.

Ales Bradshaw is fforgott, the Cittye *that* ingrost her; 20. Ales
but happy is his lott, *that* never did arrest her, Bradshaw
for shee is hott. (of the city).

64 Cittye wives, they say, doe occupye by Charter; City-wives,
but Cupid grant they may, *that* ware for-ware the don't in-
barter dulge.
without pay.

68 Ladies name wee none, nor yett no Ladyes women Ladies, and
your honors may begone; ffor Cœsars loue will Ladies'
summon women, I don't name
you alone. you.

But because *that* some will not allow the order,
to morefeelds see you Come, your Maiour & your
recorder
72 with a drum.

Thus farewell, yee whores, yee hackneys & yee harlotts! Farewell
come neare my walkes no more, but get you to your
varletts
as before !

76 My hart shall ay disdaine, to thinke of such pore blisses; I shall have
my lipps shall eke the same, to touch with breathing no more to
kisses do with you,
yours againe.

Thus here ends my song, made only to be merrye : and I hope I
so If I offend in toun, in hart I shalbe sorry
ffor the wrong. ffinis.

A Dainty : Burke.

[Page 487 of MS.]

I met a
dainty duck,

4

A: dainty ducke I Chanced to meete ;
 shee wondered what I wold doe,
 & curteously shee did mee greete
 as an honest woman shold doe.

and asked
her to drink.

8

I asked her if shee wold drinke ;
 shee wondred &c.
 shee answered me with sober winke,
 as an honest &c.

I tooke¹

[*A leaf is gone here in the MS., containing, among other things perhaps, the beginning of "The Spanish Lady."*]

¹ Written at the lower corner : the first words of the next page.—F.

Now ffe on Dreames.

[Page 499 of MS.]

NOW ffe on dreames¹ & ffond delights
 that occupye the minde² !

tis worser ffor to dreame by nights
 4 then occupye by kind !

ffor if Cupid thy hart doth stryke
 with lead or golden flight,

O then, O then, O then, in dreames
 8 thy thoughts strange³ things doe write !

Methought itt was my Chance to Clipp
 thee Creature I loued best,
 & all alonge the feilds to tripp,
 12 to moue some sport or Iest,
 & then & then, my [suite] I gan to please
 vnto that ffairest mayd ;

But shee, but shee, would nought beleue,
 16 which made me sore affrayd.

But yett by prayer & ernest suite
 I moued her att the Last ;
 yett cold I not inioye the ffruite
 20 that hath soe pleasing tast.

but when, but when, that motyon I bewrayd ;
 shee still this answer said,
 “ O no ! O no ! O no ! I will dye
 24 ere I loose my maiden-head ! ”

Fie on
dreams !For when
you're in
loveyou dream
strange
things.I lately
thoughtI was tripp-
ping along
with my
love,and praying
her to
grant me
her favors.¹ dreames in the MS.—F.² minde in the MS.—F.³ nind in the MS.—F.

She let me
touch her,

Yett did shee gine me leaue to tuch
her foote, her legg, her knee ;
a litle further was not much,
28 they way I went was ffree.

“ O ffye ! O ffye ! your are to blame ! ” shee sayd,
“ thus to vndoe a maid ;
but yett, but yett, the time is so meete,
[line cut away here by the binder.]

and neither
Jove

nor Hercules
had more
delight

than I
when I
scaled her
fort.

But alas !

when I
woke,

it was all a
dream !

32 Not loue himselfe more louyall was
when he bright dyana wonn ;

Nor Hercules, *that* all men did passe,
when hee with distaffe spunn,

36 then I, then I, all feare when I had past,
& scalld the ffort att Last,
& on, & on, & on the same
my signes of victory placet.

40 But when Aurora, goddesse bright,
appeared ffrom the east,
& Morphens, *that* drowsye wight,
withdrawen him to his rest ;

44 O then, O then, my ioyes were altered cleane !
which makes me still Complaine ;

ffor I awaked, for I awaked, ffor I awaked ; and I
ffo[und]
all this was but a dreame !

[page 500]

ffinis.

A Mayden heade.

[Page 508 of MS.]

COME, sitt thee downe by these Coole¹ stremes Sit down,
 neuer yet warmed by Tytans beames !

my tender youth thy wast shall clippe,
 4 & ffix vpon thy Cherry lipp ; and lose thy
 & lay thee downe on this greene bed,
 where thou shalt loose thy mayden-head.

See how the litle Phillip Sparrow,
 8 whose ioynts doe ouer-flow with marrow,
 on yonder bough how he doth proue
 with his make² the ioyes of loue,
 & doth instruct thee, as hee doth tread,
 12 how thou shalt loose thy maidenhead.

O you younglings, be not nice ! Young
 coines³ in mayds is such a vice,
 that if in youth you doe not marry,
 16 in age young men will lett you tarrye.
 by my perswasyon then be led,
 & loose in time thy maidenhead.

Clothes that imbrothered be with gold,
 20 if neuer worne, will quicklye molde ;
 if in time you doe not plucke
 the damisine or the Apricocke,
 in pinching Autume theyle be dead ;
 24 then loose in time thy maidenhead !

and lose thy
maidenhead,
as the
sparrowteaches thee
to do.Young
maids,
marry in
youth, or
you'll be left
in age.Then lose
your
maidenheads
soon.

finis.

¹ colde.—P.² A.-S. *mace*, a wife.—F.³ coyness.—F.

Tom Longe.

[Page 508 of MS.]

IN Mr. Payne Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1557-70* (Shaksp. Soc. 1848) are two entries, on pages 46, 58, under the year 1561-2, which may relate to this song, but probably don't.

"Rd. of William Shepparde, for his lyicense for pryntinge of a ballad intituled, *Tom Longe, y' Caryer* iiijd.

Rd. of Thomas Hackett, for his fyne, for that he prynted a ballett of *Tom longe the Carryer* ijs. vjd.

[“Tom Long, the Carrier” had been licensed to William Shepparde (see p. 46), and Thomas Hackett must have invaded Shepparde’s right. The fine was considerable for the time, comparing it with other impositions of the same kind.]

Come all you
men of every
kind,

COME in, Tom longtayle, come short hose & round,
Come flatt gutts & slender, & all to be ffound,
Come flatt Capp and ffether, & all to be found,
4 Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe.

Come lowcy, come laced shirt, come damm me, come
[ruffe !¹]
Come holy geneua, a thing with-out Cuffe,
Come dughtye dom diego, with LINENS enough,
8 Strike &c.

and bring
each a bit of
a girl

Bring a ffase out of England, a backe out of fran[ce,]
A belly ffrom flanders, come all in a dance !
pinn buttockes of Spayne, aduance ! aduance !
12 Strike &c.

¹ ruffe.—P.

Come bring in a wench shall fitt euery natyon,
ffor shape & ffor makeing, a Taylors creatyon,
& new made againe to fitt euery natyon.

to make one
to fit every
nation,

16 Strike &c.

Come tricke itt, and tire itt, in anticke array !
Come trim itt, and trosse¹ itt, and make vp the day,
for Tom & nell, nicke & Gill, make vp the hay !

and then
dress her up.

20 Strike &c.

A health to all Captaines *that never* was in warres,
thats knowne by their Scarletts, & not by their scarres !
a health to all Ladyes *that never* used Merkin,²

Here's a
health to all
cowards

24 yett their stiffe ruffles like Buff lether ierkin !

Str[ike &c.]

A health to all Courtiers *that never* bend knees !
& a health to all schollers *that* scornes their degrees !
a health to all Lawyers *that never* tooke fees !

and honest
courtiers,
and idlers !

28 & a health to all welchemen *that* lounes tosted Cheese !

Strike home the pipe, Tom Long ! ffinis.

¹ ? MS.—F.

² *Merkin*, counterfeit hair for a woman's privy parts. Phillips.—F.

All in a greene meadowe.

[Page 518 of MS.]

I heard a
nice girllamenting
that she had
lived a maid
so long.Her coyness
had pre-
vented her
enjoying her
true love,which she
might have
done with-
out blame;

ALL: in a greene meadow, a riuer running by,
I hard a *proper* maiden both waile, weope, and crye,
the teares ffrom her eyes as cleare as any pearle ;

4 much did I lament the mourning of the girle :
shee sighed and sobbed, & to her selfe sayd,
“ alas ! what hap had I to liue soe long a maid ?

“ Now in this world no Curtesye is knownen,
8 & young men are hard harted, which makes me liue
alone ;

the day & time hath beene, if I had still beene wise,
I might haue enjoyed my true loue had I not beene so
n[ise¹] ;

but Coyishness, & toyishness, & peeuishness such store
12 hath brought me to this pensiueness, and many mai-
dens [more²].

“ Some dames that are precise, & heare me thus Com-
plainie,

theyle thinke me fond & Idle, my Creditt much wold
sta[ine.]

but lett me ansewre them; the Case might be their
owne ;

16 the wisest on the earth, by loue may be oretrowen ;
ffor Cupid is blinded, & cometh in a Cloud,
& aymeth att a ragg as soone as att a robe.

¹ nice.—P.² more.—P.

“ Sith goddesses come downne to iest with such a boy,
 20 then hapily poore maidens may tread their shoes
 awrye.¹

Hellen of greece for bewty was the rarest,
 a wonder of the world, & certainlye the fairest ;
 yett wold shee, nor Cold shee, line a maiden still.

for Helen
did it.

few or none can carrye
 others all did marry
 oftime that they haue vsed before
 [Whoever it be] that come, I will deny no more,
 [be itt light o]r be itt darke, doe he looke or winke,
 [Ile let him hit] the marke, if he haue witt but for to
 thinke.

[page 519]

She resolves
to refuse no
more,

MS. torn away.
 [Tho silly m]aidens nicely deny itt when its offered,
 [yet I wi]sh them wisely to take itt when its proffered;
 32 [If they be li]ke to Cressus to scorne soe true a freind,
 [Theyle be] glad to receiue poore Charitye in the end.
 . [ti]me gone & time past is not recalld againe ;
 [t]herfore I wish all mayds make hast, lest with me
 the Complaine.

and advises
all girls to
take it when
it's offered.

¹ Compare the French *Charier droit*, uprightly; or discreetly, warily, ad-
 to tred straight, to take a right course; uisedly.—Cot.
 to behaue himself honestly, sincerely,

Thomas you cannott.

[Page 521 of MS.]

THE very attractive air to which the following ballad was sung is to be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. 337, but the words seem to exist only in this Manuscript. Their date cannot be much later than the commencement of James the First's reign, since one of the ballads against the Roman Catholics, written after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, was to be sung "to the tune of *Thomas, you cannot*;" also because the air bears the same name in several collections of music for the virginals of corresponding, if not earlier, date.—W. C.

Thomas THOMAS: vnytyed his points¹ apace,
 & kindly hee beseeches
 that shee wold give him time & space
 4 ffor to vnyte² his breeches.
 "Content, Content, Content!" shee cryes.
 he downe with his breeches imedyatlye,
 & ouer her belly he Cast his thye.
 lay on a girl,
 8 But then shee Cryes "Thomas! you Cannott, you
 ³Cannott!
 O Thomas, O Thomas, you Canott!"

Thomas, like a lively ladd,
 lay close downe by her side :
 but couldn't 12 he had the worst Courage *that euer had man*⁴ ;
 serve her. in conscience, the pore foole Cryed.

¹ Point, a tagged lace, used in tying
 any part of the dress. Nares.—F.

² The e has a tag as if for s.—F.

³ MS. camot.—F.
 ⁴ ? man had.—W. C.

But then he gott some Courage againe,
& he crept vpon her belly amaine,
16 & thought to hane hitt her in the right vaine ;
But then shee &c.

This maid was discontented in mind,
& angry was with Thomas,
20 that he the time soe long had space,¹
& cold nott performe his promise.
he promised her a thing, 2 handfull att least,
which made this maid glad of such a feaste ;
24 but shee Cold not gett an Inch for a tast,
which made her cry &c.

Thomas went to Venus, the goddesse of loue,
& hartily he did pray,
28 that this ffaire maid might constant proue
till he performed what he did say.
in hart & mind they both wee[r]e content ;
but ere he came att her, his courage was spent,
32 which made this maid grow discontent,
& angry was with Thomas, with Thomas,
& angry was with Thomas.

Vulcan & venus, with Mars & Apollo,
36 they all 4 swore they wold ayd him ;
Mars lent him his buckler & vulcan h[is hammer,²]
& downe by her side he laid him.³

She got
angry.He prayed to
Venus for
help.She and 3
Gods
promised
to aid him,

[Page 522, a fragment apart from the MS.]

40 then
but all her body qu (?)
he tickled her, laid (?)
& then shee Cryes
44 & then shee Cryes f . . Tho[mas]

and did so
effectually,

¹ so long had time and space.—W. C. ² End of MS. page 521.—F.
³ MS. torn away.—F.

to the girl's
content.

48 This mayd wa
 that ffortune had lent hi
 ffull oft he had beene
 yett neuer cold stop
 he tickeled her tuch
 he made her to tr
 & Thomas was glad he
52 & then shee cryes "toot
 & then shee cryes "toot

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THE END.

[THESE two songs, having unsuspicious titles, were not examined in time for the former part of this volume. On preparing the third volume of the *Ballads and Romances* for press, it became clear that this couple could not go into it, and they are therefore added as a Supplement to the *Loose and Humorous Songs*. —F.]

¶ *Watt where art tho.*¹

IFF: mourne I may in tyme soe glad,
or mingle ioyes with dytty sadd,
lend me your eares, lend watt your eyes,
4 & see you where shee tombed lyyes.
too simple ffoote,² alas, containes
the Lasse that Late on downes & plaines
made horsse & hound & horne to blowe.
8 O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!

Come and
see where
the hare
lies buried

who lately
gave us a
burst.

O where is now thy fligght so ffleete,³ [page 448]
thy iealous brow & ffearfull fflete,
thy subtle traine & courses stronge,
12 thy capers hye & dances Longe?
who sees thee now in couert creepe,
to stand & harke, or sitt & weepe,
to Coole thy ffeet, to ffoyle thy ffoe?
16 O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!

Where are
now his
turns and
runs?

Oh where?

where is thy vew⁴ & sweating sent⁵
that soe much blood & breath hath spent?
thy magick ffriske & cirkelles⁶ round,
20 thy iugling ffatees to mocke the hound?

Where are
his frisks
and tricks
to cheat the
bounds?

¹ A hunting song on The death of the Hare.—P. See the curious burlesque “Oreisoun in the worshipes of the hare,” containing his 78 names, in *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 133.—F.

² Two simple foot.—P.

³ MS. ffleete so fligght.—F. fligght so fleet.—P.

⁴ view. 1. The footing of a beast.
2. The discovery of an animal. Hall.—F.

⁵ view, scent.—P. ⁶ circles.—P.

why didst thou not, this doome to scape,
vpon thee take some witches shape,
& shrowd thy selfe in cottage Lowe?

Oh where? 24 O watt! where &c.

Though one
hare

could not
escape so
many dogs,

yet I'll
praise the
royal sport
he gave us.

Why didn't
he turn his
wife out
and let her
die instead
of him?

Though he
could once
see behind,
he is blind
now.

why didst thou not, this doome to scape,
vpon thee take some witches shape,
& shrowd thy selfe in cottage Lowe?

24 O watt! where &c.

But why shold wee thinke watt soe wise
as Ioulers noyse,¹ or Iumbells cryes,²

or Ladyes Lipps³? on⁴ watt alone

28 must needs by many⁵ be ore-throwen.
but as I moane thy liffe soe short,
soe will I sing thy royll sport,
& guiltelesse gaine⁶ of all I know.

32 O watt &c.

why didst thou not then fly this ffate?
ffrom fforth her⁷ fforne put fforth thy make⁸?
as some good wiffe, when deathes att doore,

36 will put her goodman fforth before.
thy eniuious leaues,⁹ & thy muse,¹⁰
as perfect once as maidens scuse¹¹;
thy tracke in snow, like widowes woe.

40 O watt &c.

Once cold¹² thou strangly see behind;
now art thou round about thee blyind.
both Male & ffemale once wert thou¹³;

44 O neither Male nor ffemall now!

¹ nose. qu.—P.

² eyes. qu.—P.

³ poor. qu.—P.

⁴ Percy puts two red brackets round
on, for omission; but it means *one*.—F.
⁵ many.—P. One stroke too few in
the MS.—F.

⁶ most guiltless game, *sic leger*?—P.

⁷ And from her.—P.

⁸ mate.—P. A-S. *maca*, a husband;
mace, a wife.—F.

⁹ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ mewse.—P. *Muse*. A hole in a
hedge through which game passes. “But
the good and aproved hounds on the

contrary, when they have found the
hare, make shew therof to the hunter,
by running more speedily, and with
gesture of head, eyes, ears, and taile,
winding to the hares *muse*, never give
over prosecution with a gallant noise,
no not returning to their leaders, least
they loose advantaga.” *Topsell’s Four-
footed Beasts*, 1607, p. 152. Halli-
well’s Gloss.—F.

¹¹ ? pudendum.—F. Read *sluse*, sluice.
Dyce.

¹² Colds’t.—P.

¹³ Now wylle we begynne atte hare,
and why she is most merveylous best of

thy hermittis liffe, thy dreadfull crosse,
 thy sweating striffe & clickett close,¹
 when once thou wert both Bucke & doe.

48 O watt &c.

O, had the ffaire young sonne of Mirrh²
 fforsooke the bore, & ffollow[ed] her ;
 or had Acteon hunted watt
 52 when he saw Cynthias you know whatt ;
 or *that* young man knowne *that* liffe
that slew ffor deere³ his deares[t] wiffe,
 they all had knowne no other woe,
 56 but watt &c.

Shrill sounding hornes & siluer bells
 shall sound thy mortts,⁴ & ring thy knell :
 young shepards shall thy storry tell,
 60 & bonny Nimpes sing thy ffarwell,
 & hunters altogether loyne
 to drowned both woe & watt in wine,
 whiles I conclude my song euen soe :
 64 O watt ! where art thou ? who, ho, ho !

Silver bells
 shall ring
 his knell,

and hunters
 forgot him
 in their
 wine.

ffinis.

the world . . at one tyme he [is] male and another tyme female, and therefore may alle men blow at hym as at other bestis, that is to say, at herte, at boor, and at wolf. *Twety* in *Rel. Ant.* i. 150-1. *Niphus* also affirmeth . . he saw a Hare which had stones and a yard, and yet was great with young, and also another which wanted stones and the males genitall, and also had young in her belly. *Rondelius* saith, that they are not stoney, but certain little bladders filled with matter, which men finde in female Hares with young, such as are upon the belly of a Beaver, wherein also the vulgar sort are deceived, taking those bunches for stones, as they do these bladders. And the use of these parts both in Beavers and hares is this ; that against rain both

one and other sex suck thereout a certain humor, and anoint their bodies all over therewith, and so are defended in time of rain. *Topsel's Four-footed Beasts*, ed. Rowland, 1658, p. 209.—F.

¹ Cicket close.—P. *Cicket*, a term applied to a fox when *maris appetens*. *Gent. Rec.* ii. 76, Halliwell.—F.

² myrrh (*viz.* Adonis).—P.

³ instead of Deer (alluding to y^e story of Cephalus & Procris).—P.

⁴ Morte, sc. the Death of the Hare. —P. and whan the hare is take, and your houndes have ronne well to hym, ye shul blowe aftirward, and ye shul yif to your houndes the halow, and that is the syde, the shulders, the nekke, and the hed ; and the loyne shal to kechonne. —*Twety* in *Rel. Ant.* i. 153.—F.

Old Simon the King.

[Page 519 of MS.]

THIS is, in some respects, the best extant version of an old ballad of great and long-extended popularity. The burden is, for the first time, complete. The "Hey ding a ding" at the end identifies it as one of the "ancient" ballads mentioned in Lanham's *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575. In *Hans Beer-pot his invisible Comedie*, 1618, Cornelius says that he has heard "an old fantastique rime :

Gentlemen are sick
and Parsons ill at ease,
But serving men are drunke
And all have one disease."

These lines are a paraphrase of the following in the ballad :

Mine ostes was sick of the mumpes,
her mayd was ill att ease,
Mine host lay drunke in his dumpes;
They all had one disease.

Again, in *The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, which, according to Mr. Payne Collier, was printed soon after 1580, we find :

Lawyers they are sick,
And Fryers are ill at ease,
But poor men they are drunke,
And all is one disease.

Both the ballad and its tune retained popularity till the end of the last century.—W. C.

Seeking
merry com-
pany,

IN : an humor I was of late,¹
as many good fellowes bee
that² thinke of no matter of state,
but the keepe³ merry Companye:

¹ was late.—P.M. (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. iii. p. 143.)

² to.—P.M.
³ seek for.—P.M.

that best might please my mind,¹
 soe I walket vp & downe the towne,²
 but company none cold I³ find
 8 till I came to the signe ⁴ of the crowne.
 mine ostes⁵ was sickle of the mumpes,
 her mayd was ffiale⁶ att ease,
 mine host lay⁷ drunke in his dumpes;
 12 "they all had but⁸ one disease,"
 sayes old simon the King,⁹ sayes old Simon the
 King,
 with his ale-dropt hose, & his malmesy nose,
 with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, with a hey
 &c.
 with a hey ding [ding,] quoth Simon the
 king. . . .¹⁰

16 11 [When I beheld this sight,]
 I straight began [to say,]
 "if a man be ffull [o'ernight]
 he cannott get d[runk to-day ;]
 20 & if his drinke w[ill not downe]
 he may hang hims[elf for shame ;]
 soe may he mine h[ost of the ¹² Crowne.]
 therfore¹³ this reason I [frame :]
 24 ffor drinke¹⁴ will ma[ke a man drunke,]
 & drunke will make [a man dry,]
 & dry will make a man [sicke,]
 & sicke will make a man dye,"
 28 sayes old Simon &c.¹⁵

¹ best contented me.—P.M.
² I travell'd up and down.—P.M.
³ No company I could.—P.M.
⁴ sight.—P.M.
⁵ My Hostess.—P.M.
⁶ fizzling, breaking wind, see p. 65,
 l. 120, 127, 132.—F. The maid was
 ill.—P.M.
⁷ The Tapster was.—P.M.
⁸ were all of.—P.M.
⁹ P.M. ends here.—F.

¹⁰ The line is nearly all pared away.—F.
¹¹ Supplied from Percy. See note be-
 low. P.M. has:
 Considering in my mind,
 And thus I began to think;
 If a man be full to the Throat
 And cannot take off his drink,
¹² may the Tapster at.—P.M.
¹³ Whereupon.—P.M.
¹⁴ Drink.—P.M.
¹⁵ St. 2 (before some of the words

I walked
about, andfound it at
the Crown,
where
hostess,
maid and
host were
all drunk.

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On this I
philoso-
phized:drink makes
men drunk.and
drunken-
ness makes
men die.

Yet, if a
man's drunk
one day and
dead the
next,

who dare
say he died
for sorrow?

No such
thing.

Drink makes
a man sing
and laugh,

and brings
him long
life.

If a Puritan
says it's a
sin to drink

unless you're
dry,
I tell him

how a Puritan
took to
drinking,

"But when a man is drunke to-day,¹
& laid in his graue to-morrow;
will any man dare to² say

32 *that hee dyed ffor³ Care or sorrowe ?
but hang vp all⁴ sorrow & care !
itts⁵ able to kill a catt;
& he *that* will drinke till he stare,⁶
36 is neuer a-feard⁷ of that ;
ffor drinking will make a man quaffe,
&⁸ quaffing will make a man sing,
&⁸ singinge will make a man laffe,
40 & laug[h]ing long life will⁹ bringe,"
sais old Simon &c.*

If a puritane skinker crye,
" deere brother, itt is a sinne

44 to drinke vnlesse you be drye ;"
this tale I straight¹⁰ begin :
" a puritan left his cann,
& tookee him to his iugge,¹¹
48 & there he playde the man
so long as he cold tugg ;

were lost & supplied by conjecture) I
transcribed what is not in brackets.—P.

[When I beheld this sight]
I straight began to say,
" If a Man be full [o'er night,
He cannott get drunk to-day ;
And if his drink [will not downe,
He may hang himself [for shame ;]
So may he mine host [of the Crowne]
Therefore thus reason I [frame,
For* drink will make a man drunk ;
And drunk will make a Man dry,
And dry will make a Man sick,
And sick will make a Man dye,
Says old Simon the King, &c.

N.B.—The defective Stanza may be
* that.—P.

supplied from Durfey's Pills to purge
Melancholy, 1719, vol. 3d. p. 143.—P.
A volume from which many of the songs
here printed may be more than matched.
I had never seen it till looking out the
Bishop's reference.—F.

¹ If a Man should be drunk to night.—P.M.

² you or any man.—P.M.

³ of.—P.M.

⁴ Then hang up.—P.M.

⁵ 'Tis.—P.M.

⁶ all right.—P.M.

⁷ afraid.—P.M.

⁸ There is no '&' in P.M.—F.

⁹ doth.—P.M.

¹⁰ Then straight this Tale I.—P.M.

¹¹ took him to his Jugg.—P.M.

but when *that* hee was spye
 when hee did¹ sweare or rayle,²
 52 ' my only deere brother,' hee sayd,³
 ' truly⁴ all ffayle,'⁵
 sais old Simon &c.

and when
 he was
 found out,
 said " All
 flesh is
 frail."

Soe fellowes, if you be drunke,⁶
 of ffrailtye itt is a sinne,
 56 as itt is⁶ to keepe a puncke,
 or play att in and in⁷ ;
 ffor drinke, & dice, & drabbs,
 are⁸ all of this condityon,
 60 they⁹ will breed want & scabbs
 in spite of they¹⁰ Phisityan.
 but who feare[s] euery grasse,
 must neuer pissee in a meadow,
 64 & who¹¹ loues a pott & a lasse
 must not cry " oh my head, oh ! "
 sais old Simon the King &c.

Soe drunken-
 ness is
 frailty,

and so are
 wenching
 and gam-
 bling :

they all
 breed want
 and scabs.
 But for ex-
 citement
 you must
 run risks.

finis.

¹ should.—P.

² He did not swear, or
 He did neither swear nor rail.—P.
 What did he swear or rail.—P.M.
³ cryed.—P. No, no truly, dear
 Brother, he cry'd.—P.
⁴ Indeed.—P.M.
⁵ you'll.—P.M.

⁶ Or for.—P.M.

⁷ A common diversion at ordinaries,
 with 4 dice.—Percy.
⁸ MS. ase.—F.
⁹ And.—P.M.
¹⁰ the.—P.M.
¹¹ he that.—P.M.

NOTE to *Panche*, p. 61.

Mr. Götbrandr Vigfusson says: "Sir Panche is an old acquaintance, and is a story told in Icelandic; but there it is one of the tales that are meant to ridicule clownish and unhappy wooers. It is his mother that is to tread on his toe under the table if he eats too much, and the bald head is that of the father of the bride-to-be. Our story is in prose; it is funny, but not dirty; the English is rather worse. When the Icelandic Popular Tales were published in Leipzig some years ago, the MSS. went through my hands, and, among others, this story. But it was badly told, without sense and humour, and not as I had heard it when a boy. I therefore suppressed it. So it waits still for publication."

NOTE to p. 78, l. 17.

Quash is a genuine Russian word and drink: in Russian КВАС, i. e. Kvas or Kwas, called in Pavlovsky's Dictionary "ein säuerliches Getränk aus Roggenmehl und Malz." It is the *universal* drink of Russia, like a sour beer, and is I believe pronounced execrable by all foreigners. Meyer's "Grosses Conversationslexicon" gives the following elaborate recipe:

"Upon 35—37 pounds of barley-malt, with 3 handfuls of rye-malt, and the same of unsifted rye-meal, in earthen pots, pour boiling water till the water is one hand high above it; then stir till it becomes like a thin broth. Then shake over it oat-husks, about the height of a thumb. Then put the pots for twenty-four hours in the oven; and then fill them again with boiling water up to the brim. Then put it in wooden vessels with straw at the bottom and a tap below, pour tepid water over it, let it stand, and finally draw it off into barrels. Put in each barrel a piece of coarse rye-bread, to make it sour; and put the barrels for 24 hours in the cellar, after which it is ready for use."

The same article says there are better kinds, made of apples, raspberries, &c., which are used by the higher classes, and are more palatable.

The "Duche" in the same line, I presume, means *German* (Deutsch), or at least Low (i. e. North) German, in general, and not what we now call *Dutch*; this is very common in our old writers. Mr. W. B. Rye, in "England as seen by Foreigners" (1865), gives abundant instances of this usage; of which the following, from Sir Robert Dallington's "Method for Travell" (prefixed to his "View of France," 1598), is most to the point: "For the attaining of language it is convenient that he make choice of the best places—Orleans for the French, Florence for the Italian, and Lipsick for the Dutch [i. e. German] tongues, for in these places is the best language spoken."—RUSSELL MARTINEAU.

NOTE to p. 87, l. 9.

For nois read no is.—None but ffooles flinch ffor Noe, when a I (that is, *an Aye*) by No is ment.—DR. ROBSON.

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